ARAGON: WHY THE RESISTANCE BRED POETRY

By Isidor Schneider

NEW MASSES

January 8, 1946

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HOWARD FAST:

the gray Ship

Log of a Victory

HOW PSYCHIATRY HELPS

Wortis Answers Furst

S. Belinkov **TURKEY GUESSED WRONG**

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

WILL there be money enough in your till next week to buy the groceries? Do you know that by the first of the month you won't have to ask the landlord to wait for the rent? Did you have enough extra this Christmas to buy your three-year-old daughter or your five-year-old son (or how old are they?) the kind of things that make that special kind of holiday excitement? If you did you should have been at NEW MASSES last Saturday morning when a delegation of six UAW members from the striking locals of Fischer and Chevrolet at Tarrytown came in to pick up the canned goods NEW MASSES has been collecting for GM strikers.

We had been buttonholing every friend and passerby for a couple of bucks or whatever we thought the traffic would bear and sending off to the grocery lunch hours to translate it into something edible. We thought we had a fair beginning by the end of the week. So we phoned the Tarrytown strike headquarters and told them we had about a ton of food.

But when those six men walked in that sleety, miserable morning and we stood around talking while Hank went off to pick up a hand truck to load it on the elevator we had a sinking realization of how small a dent we were making in the problem. They were very happy with the truckload, but we learned that there were 4,500 out on strike up there. Even a week's food for 4,500 represented a whale of a supply problem. And GM had already been out over a month. The union delegates spoke of the support they were getting from the rest of the town. The local press was with them. The local merchants were too, and even though the strike was a tough fix for them as well, they helped out with contributions on their own. The delegates didn't say anything about what had happened to wartime savings (remember those fabulous wages war workers were said to be hauling down?) or to war bonds. One guy just said it wasn't much fun. He had only one kid, and he was already beginning to feel the pinch. He hated to think how tough it was for others with three, four or even seven. They were in good spirits, though, and told us about one union member who thumbs a ride in every morning from Shrub Oak just to be on the picket line. That's the stuff of which the postwar America will be made.

So, dear readers, dig down deep in the pockets of your own jeans and bring up anything you can for those who are fighting your battle the hard way. Or scour your pantry. Bring us soups and coffee nd beans and chili, or a big bologna. And ember that for every can of Spam you buy ten cans of concentrated soup. so that NEW MASSES can say the it calls Tarrytown, "Better make on truck this trip."

"A PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE, open to all men, women and children of Harlem and elsewhere, regardless of creed or color." This is the way the George Washington Carver School in New York, now in its third year and flourishing, addresses itself to the public. We can add that here are schoolrooms and school people profoundly devoted to creating not the dry bones of diplomas but the living knowledge for making a better world for everyone. At the Carver school one may study the history of the Negro in America, the colonial peoples, their lands and problems, the Soviet Union, world problems. Or one may fulfill the great human need for making things—dresses, sculpture, painting, music, dance, with master-craftsmen in their fields; or one may learn how to write better, to produce leaflets, to speak in public. The school is at 57 West 125th St. Its winter term begins Jan. 14.

HAVE you had trouble g to *Deep Are the Roots?* your reservations for the N Cultural Awards dinner at the modore, January 14 (see back cover for details). A scene from the award-winning d'Usseau and Gow play will be presented for the occasion. If you *have* managed to see it, send it anyway for all the other reasons that will make this a memorable dinner.

And while you have your datebook out, mark January 15 for the Madison Square Garden meeting of the Communist Party marking the twenty-second anniversary of Lenin's death and join a great anti-fascist organization to honor a world-loved figure.

AMONG our contributors: Howard Fast, best known for his *Freedom Road*, brings us a piece of reportage from his recent sea-voyage to India. This is the first of a series of sketches in NM of a five week trip in a Victory ship. S. Belinkov is a writer for *New Times*. Lewis Merrill is president of the United Office and Professional Workers-CIO. V. S.

NEW MASSES
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THE GRAY SHIP

By HOWARD FAST

THIRD ENGINEER: *When you come down to it, they all claim credit, and there's enough for all of them, isn't there? What the Marines done, that don't take credit from the Army, and the Army's victories, that don't come off from the Navy's share. We don't ask to forget what the Russians done because we went into France and Germany. But I ask you, where would any of them be, any of them, the Marines or the Russians or the French Underground, if it wasn't for the gray ships?*

With work well done, the gray ship lay in the Indian sunshine and slept. Moored to the dockside with heavy hawsers, fore and aft, she was as immobile as part of the earth, the dock, the rusty, war-weary storage sheds. She had come half way around the world, her holds stuffed with the food and the teeth of war, her decks piled; she had threaded her way through the islands and atolls of the Pacific, crawled around the belly of Australia, crept lightless and soundless through the tropical night. She was sufficient to herself; when her engines broke down, she hove to and repaired them; when danger threatened she manned her guns and slewed them belligerently to the part of the horizon which menaced her. She had been a living, vibrating world, rusty and hard; now she was painted over from head to foot, and she lay in the sunshine and slept.

The purser was nervous; big, heavy, his usual smile gone, he stood by the rail, drummed his fingers on the hot metal, and wanted to be away. That nervousness had communicated itself to the whole crew; longing for port, talking port, dreaming it; when it came it was always less than it should have been, and when port time ran over schedule, they became restless and uneasy. And this they tried to cover over by pointing out that their pay went on, good pay in this, a danger zone.

"It stinks," the purser said. He meant it literally; in the basin, the garbage could not be thrown overside; it littered the aft deck, mixed indiscriminately with the dunnage. A ship in port, loading or unloading, isn't clean. Crows screamed and cawed and swooped over the garbage. Flies made a netting over it.

"A dead ship," the purser said. "She sleeps, she lays on her belly like a whore. I don't like a ship that way." He began to hum, "Don't fence me in —give me land." The chief came up and joined his music; the chief's eyes wandered from the burnished metal skies, to the ship to the crows. Of the crows, he asked, "What are they?" "Crows." "I don't like crows," the chief said. "I don't like crows by the hundreds. I like to hear them way off across the meadows at home, but not like this. What's new?"

The purser said he didn't know what was new, and anyway, what should be new? The chief thought that maybe he had some news on where they were going, but the purser only grunted. But inside, momentarily, he had a quick, wide thought: fifteen thousand miles from stateside, the whole world was theirs, its waters washing motes of land, unimportant land, wretched, hot land; he had a sudden sense of freedom, and he pitied the Army guards, seeking shade under the rusty shed, he pitied the natives of the land who were like the trees, rooted to the land. "I want to hear the turbines," he said.

"You want to hear the turbines," the chief muttered. "The rotten noisiest can I ever been on, and you want to hear it. You got bugs in your head."

"When the engines turn over, she's alive; now she's dead. A ship without power, she's dead."

"We ought to have a funeral service," the chief said; but the purser, pouring ample quantities of sweat, drummed with his fingers on the rail and wanted to be away.

The gray ship was a Victory. Which meant that whatever her given name, it would be followed by the word Victory, as, for instance, the *Arkansas Victory* or the *Burnside Victory*. It also meant that, in a very limited sense, she belonged to an aristocracy; she was meant to survive for the postwar period, providing that no torpedoes ripped out her guts, that no mines caved in her plates, that no shells or bombs smashed her superstructure into scrap; providing all that, she was a little less expendable than the bathtub hulls of the Liberties, a little more expendable than the C1's, the C2's and the C3's.

Her displacement was about ten thousand tons, her length something over four hundred feet. She had a forecastle deck, which gave her a graceful swoop up to the bow, and differentiated her immediately from the unbroken deck line of the Liberty. Amidships, she had a deck housing. Square, ugly, undifferentiated from the gray-painted metal of the rest of the ship, it climbed from the main deck in this fashion: boat deck, which housed the four lifeboats and gave the ship's officers a limited promenade; quarterdeck, bridge, topside and flagdeck. One fat stack poked out of the housing, and four kingposts surrounded it.

The gray ship was built for the belly of cargo she could carry, and every detail of her was a concession to cargo —no more. Five huge hatches opened to reveal that she was no more than a shell. The seven masts and kingposts swung booms to load and unload her, and her own forest of booms, cable, and rope made her capable of eating and then disgorging her own diet. Whatever comfort she held existed because cargo could not be disassociated from men, and her guns watched over that same cargo.

Her guns gave her a will of her own; expendable she was, but not defenseless. She had the power to strike, and to strike hard. Fore and aft were two gun tubs, raised platforms sheathed in half-inch steel plate. The forward gun was a seventy mm., quick, agile able to swivel and snap like a swan neck; aft, long, ugly, was a five-i

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able to fight a surfaced sub on equal terms, able to fling its shell six thousand feet into the air. Amidships, in six smaller tubs, were the twenty mm. machine-guns, good for a curtain of lead when the dive bombers came in. She was not quarrelsome, the gray ship, but she could hit back if someone struck at her, and she could make her blow felt.

The guns were a Navy affair, and under the five-incher was the gunner's forecastle, where eighteen Navy men slept. Six more Navy men slept forward.

As the purser said, the life of the gray ship was in her engines, oil burning turbines which, when put to it, could turn over one hundred and five revolutions per minute and drive her at seventeen and a half knots. Turbines, boilers, fires and generators were housed amidships, heart and guts, the bull's eye for torpedoes, for shells and bombs.

Such was the gray ship, unlovely, stubby, confident, long of range, ready to go where orders took her.

ABOUT two hours after the purser's impatience, the gray ship cast off, and from slumber she came alive. From the 'midship housing aft, she trembled and purred; her plates vibrated; her propeller washed the dirty water, and the basin water washed back. The master, his patience tried the limit, demanded the pilot. In all his years, he'd never known a pilot to be on time, never; but the first officer, easy now, said. "He's on board, sir." "Then, mister, where is he? Is he drinking his tea? Is he sitting on the head? Or is he blowing his nose over the rail?" But at that moment the pilot came up the companionway, natty in his white suit, white shorts, white socks and shoes.

BELOW, on the gray ship, those who slept felt the change, the slight movement, the vibration, the waking up and the coming alive, and they turned in their sleep, more easily than uneasily; in their sleep too they heard the hiss of the tugs, the chugging, the shouted orders, the second officer's repeat of the pilot's command, "wheel amidships—," the blast of the whistle, the swirl of water, brown water which would presently become green water, and then blue water. The purser went back to his books, his nervousness gone. Two short whistles warned the change watch, and the men coming off duty [illegible] on the rail and watched the [illegible] swing as they warped toward the canal. All over the basin, packed ships, merchantmen of all nations, patrol craft, destroyers, and menacing ships of war watched them. There was around the harbor the regrets men feel when they see another ship putting out to sea, the envy and the nostalgia. The gray ships, in time of war, have no proclaimed destination; somewhere, men wait for a ship; somewhere else a man knows where all ships are going and from whence they come: but he who sees the ship passing by knows only that it's outward bound.

The English pilot stood on the bridge and called his orders. London was in his voice, but he had been out here twenty-five years now. He went nowhere; for twenty-five years he had

Forrest Wilson.

taken the ships in and out of the complex channel, released them from their brief, fretful imprisonment, and given them leeway for the ports of the world, San Francisco, Rio, New York, Antwerp, Saipan, Said, and then himself gone back; no ship liked his port, and sometimes it occurred to him, though he was not an imaginative man, that no ship liked any port. By now, he went through his movements mechanically; you could roll back the water of the river, and it would not make much difference to him; he knew every mud hummock, every bar and channel. Always ahead of him was the thought, somewhat unclear, like the muddied waters of the channel, that he would take ship one of these days and go home; but he stayed on and the gray ships came and went.

Some of the men on the ship wrote letters, because the restless wonder of open sea again had to be expressed, and they would say things like, ". . . my darling, we are going through the channel, and finally will be out to sea. So we should be home soon. . . ." Or, ". . . it was so hot here that it is good to be away. . . ." But it could have been too cold as well as too hot; the core of the matter, on the gray ships, was movement. Logistics, the military called it, and on the gray ships movement expressed their purpose and their reason. Indeed, there were a few men on the ship who never went ashore, in any port, as if the covenant to them was so dear that it couldn't be violated.

SO THE gray ship, which had slumbered, which had been dead to the purser, stinking dirty to the engineer, shirking to one, whore-like to another, came to life again and sailed out to the open sea. The gray ship was a stitch in a broad-woven pattern which had only slight variations in the whole of the warp and the woof. It was a part of the United States Merchant Marine in the greatest war mankind had ever fought. It sought little credit and found less. Though there was glory enough to go around, the gray ships did their job without glory; as their men wore no uniforms, so did they wear no medals.

They put out to sea again, and in a way that was its own reward. The brown water turned to green and the green water turned blue. The time-old phrase went the rounds of many lips, blue water, blue water, no bottom and a deep swell. The pilot shook hands all around, wished them good voyage, and climbed overside to his bobbing boat. On shore the blinker gave them clearance and wished them good voyage too. The captain, relaxed for the first time in many days, took his sharp turn on the quarterdeck, six paces port, six paces starboard, six paces port again. The messmen dumped the garbage overside, and the crows flew back to their own hot land. Full speed ahead came down to the engine room from the bridge, and given a lasting course finally, the helmsman fixed his eyes on the compass. Night fell and land dropped away, and in the brief, tropical twilight the gunners stood at general quarters. With darkness the ship blacked out and faded into the inky sea, and in the crew's mess three sweating AB's sat down for their evening of euchre.

And somewhere a man knew where the gray ship was bound, and somewhere men waited for her bulging hold of goods.

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THE LIES OF U. S. STEEL

By THOMAS GANNON

ONE of the most widely prevalent fictions of the current period of labor strife is the notion that labor organizations violate their contracts. Employer groups, sanctimoniously wrapping themselves in the garb of legality, have issued widespread charges that labor organizations which strike during the current period do so in violation of provisions in their contracts.

These charges by employers have given rise to such legislative proposals as the May-Arends bill, recently defeated by a resurgent House, repealing the Smith-Connally act. This bill, which is studded with ferocious sanctions against labor unions, proceeds on the premise that labor organizations exclusively have abused their rights under their contracts and have promiscuously breached them. The bill proposes that a labor organization which breaches a contract lose collective bargaining rights for a year. Moreover, it makes the federal courts available to employers for purposes of redressing such breaches. The bill, however, preserves eloquent silence with respect to employer breaches of contracts. No suggestion is made in the bill that an employer who breaches a contract should suffer a comparable sanction as that imposed upon labor unions: namely, to be put out of business for a year. Nor are the doors of the federal courts opened by the bill to labor organizations to bring employers to book for their violations of contracts.

Even a cursory examination of labor relations since the end of the war demonstrates the falsity of the bill's premises. All over the country, employers have thumbed their noses at unions since the end of the war in disregard not only of contracts but also of WLB directives. A conservative estimate of the money owing labor organizations by employers under WLB directives, now ignored, is about $20,000,000. In addition to these huge sums, which employers have arrogantly announced that they will not pay "now that the war is over," there are many other provisions in WLB directives which are being repudiated.

Just the other day Inland Steel, after it had signed a contract with the United Steelworkers of America, told the union that it could go chase itself—that the end of the war made it unnecessary to comply with WLB directives ordering maintenance of membership and checkoff. Inland Steel is a predominant member of the anti-labor Little Steel group which still dreams of once again converting the steel industry into an open-shop citadel. Rebuffed and beaten during the Roosevelt administration, the steel industry as a whole has acquired a new lease on anti-labor life under the encouragement of the present administration. Not content with widespread flouting of WLB directives, the steel industry, through the powerful American Iron and Steel Institute, has launched an expensive program to brand the Steelworkers, who are scheduled to strike on January fourteenth, as contract breakers.

FLANK attacks upon the union's position and security have been pressed by the leader of the industry, US Steel. On two occasions, this powerful monopoly has boldly and plainly told the union that it has no intention of bargaining despite the fact that there is a law on the statute books requiring collective bargaining. US Steel has consistently acted as if the union were asking for a favor instead of exercising a right. The union presented its wage case to the corporation on October 10 and October 11. On October 23, the corporation replied to the union's well-documented demand with a brusk and arrogant "No." It took the corporation exactly forty minutes to tell the union off.

On November 3, Secretary of Labor Schwellenbach wrote a pleading letter begging the corporation to resume negotiations with the union. He referred to the radio address in which the President had indicated that wage increases were possible without price increases and requested a resumption of negotiations "in keeping with the spirit of the President's speech." This offer was accepted by the union, but Benjamin Fairless, president of US Steel, told off Schwellenbach just as bruskly as he had told off the union. He categorically refused to bargain unless assured in advance of a price increase.

On November 10, Schwellenbach again begged the corporation to negotiate. The Secretary of Labor pointed out that the corporation in rejecting the union's demand and in rejecting his own prior request for a bargaining conference had failed to engage in collective bargaining. The union again indicated its desire to resume bargaining and again US Steel brazenly advised the government of the United States that it would not bargain collectively unless the government agreed to immediate price relief and a guarantee that for any wage increase that might be agreed upon, there would be additional price increases.

IT IS in order to obscure this bold attempt to turn the clock back that the campaign to brand the union as a contract breaker was launched. The first battle in that campaign took place when about 100 members of the industry sought, unsuccessfully, to prevent the holding of a strike vote under the Smith-Connally act. The American Iron and Steel Institute and its members screamed that the union could not strike and the board could not conduct a strike vote because of prohibitive provisions in the union's contract. This charge is little more than a legal hoax.

The facts are very simple. In October 1944, the WLB issued a directive in the Baxic Steel Case providing for certain terms and conditions of employment but retaining jurisdiction over the issue of wages. The parties then bargained and entered into a contract which was completed except for two items: (1) a termination date and (2) a wage reopening clause which would reflect the fact that the board had not disposed of the issue of wages. On Feb. 27, 1945, the parties went back to the board for a supplemental and clarifying directive on these two items. The union, with a rare prescience, insisted that unless the contract as a whole was extended until after the war, every employer in the industry would denounce maintenance of membership and checkoff upon the termination of the board's existence. It therefore urged, on the issue of a termination date, that the contract be ordered continued until Oct. 15, 1946. On the issue of a wage reopening clause, the union urged that wages should be subject to reopening whenever a change in the national wage policy permitted it. Since at that time the union had already put in a case on wages, the union urged that whenever such a change came about, the parties apply to the board for reconsideration of the issue of wages on the record which had already been ma
The companies at that time argue

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that if there was such a change in policy the whole contract be terminated and that either party be free to exercise all of its rights. In other words, the companies did not deny the union the right to strike with respect to wages, but sought to make the price for an impasse on wages the surrender of maintenance of membership and checkoff.

The board went along with the union and met the needs of stability which its directive had contemplated by fixing the termination date, as requested by the union, Oct. 15, 1946, and met the needs of flexibility on the issue of wages by writing into the contract a wage-reopening clause.

On Aug. 18, 1945 the President, in Executive Order 9599, announced a change in national wage policy. In October, three things happened: (1) the union had opened all of its contracts under the wage-reopening clause; (2) the WLB announced that it was going out of business in a short while, and (3) the WLB adopted a special resolution dealing with the type of wage-reopening clause of which the steelworkers' contract was the model. This resolution stated that: (1) The national wage policy had changed since August 18. (2) Wherever contracts contained a clause like the Steelworkers' contract requiring resort to the board, such contracts were to be construed as placing the parties precisely where they would have been had there been no WLB; that is, the parties exercising their rights under the wage-reopening clause had all of their peacetime rights and remedies. (3) There was no point going back to the board because the board would refuse to process any cases based on a change in the national wage policy.

Exercising their rights under the wage-reopening clause in the light of the board's resolution, the union properly came to the conclusion that if it had a right to bargain about wages, it obviously had the right to strike. If it lacked the right to strike, then either of two conclusions were in order: (1) that the right to strike had permanently disappeared as a wartime casualty or (2) when the union won a wage reopening clause through the WLB, it won nothing at all.

A wage-reopening clause would obviously be meaningless if a union could only submit a demand and be forced to accept an employer's veto without recourse to its economic power, since even without a wage-reopening clause, a contract can be amended by mutual agreement. The American Iron and Steel Institute in its widespread press and radio campaign suppresses all of these facts. Although it is plain that the union's exercise of its rights under the wage-reopening clause constituted a termination of the wage provision of the contract and left it free to exercise all of the rights which a labor organization has in negotiating a new contract, the Institute not only failed to acknowledge that point, but ran the following question and answer advertisements in all the leading newspapers of the nation: "QUESTION: Is there no 'escape clause' by which either side could end the agreements? ANSWER: No. The union demanded a fixed, long-term contract and got it. The union also demanded a wage-reopening clause and got it."

The Institute insists that each contract contains a clause renouncing the right to strike. Here too, the Institute suppresses the facts, for the no-strike provision in all contracts and deals merely with those issues subject to arbitration. It deals with grievances and not with the issue of a general wage increase. The steel companies have vehemently insisted that a general wage increase was not subject to arbitration in the past and would undoubtedly refuse to arbitrate wages now. There has never been a question that the surrender of the right to strike in the contract—in contrast to the unwritten no-strike pledge, which ended with the war—is coextensive with the area subject to arbitration in the contract.

By willfully concealing the existence in the contract of a wage-reopening clause and by suppressing the facts on the applicability of a no-strike pledge, the employers in the industry hope first to make it appear that the union has violated its contract, and second, to provide a smokescreen which will conceal their own repudiation of their bargaining obligations and of their obligations to respect the rights of their employes to engage in union activities.

The boldness of the line taken by the companies and the Institute can be readily revealed. Suppose the employers were seeking to impose a wage cut under the wage-reopening clause. Suppose after reaching an impasse on this issue, they had imposed such a cut on the union. According to the employers, the union would have no right to strike even under such circumstances. But that is fantastic and the companies know it.

The union today is 800,000 strong. In the largest industrial election ever conducted anywhere in the world, the membership authorized a strike by a five to one majority, and the industry knows that something more than the tactics of the Memorial Day Massacre are needed to meet this situation. Encouraged by an administration which increasingly regards labor organizations and their legitimate aspirations as a target for repression, the industry is seeking not only to smear the union but is also preparing grimmer measures. Thus while the notorious Eugene Grace of Bethlehem Steel hypocritically denounces the union as a violator of its contracts, his plants are storing carloads of hams and other foods which his workers are unable to buy, as a bait for strikebreakers.

Both Big and Little Steel will get a run for their money. Under the brilliant leadership of Philip Murray, the union is strong and united as never before in its history.

Write Your Own Editorial

MARINES ANGERED BY CHINA RAIL JOB

Object to Partnership With Japanese and to Protection of 'British Property'

By HENRY R. LIEBERMAN

By Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

CHINWANGTAO, China, Dec. 22 (delayed)—Five thousand Japanese troops have been sent to Tientsin from Tangshan for repatriation but 9,000 still remain for railway guard duty.

From all accounts Japanese soldiers and civilians, many of whom are still employed as railway technicians, are especially anxious to please the Americans, going so far as to send Japanese dolls as gifts to Marine officers. The civilians also send long written complaints to the Marines, asking protection against the Chinese, who, they claim, beat them, throw rocks at them and confiscate their watches.

The bitterness of the Marines along the railway and here at Chinwangtao, aside from their reluctance to do a job as partners of Japanese, extends to complaints that high point men are not being sent home fast enough and to protests that they did not enlist to guard British property, by which they refer to the four Kailan coal mines, which are operated by a private Sino-British concern.

Merger of Two Companies

The Kailan Mining Administration represents a merger of two companies, including the Chinese Mining and Engineering Company, in whose organization former President Hoover played an important role. The mines, half way

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TURKEY GUESSED WRONG

By S. BELINKOV

Moscow.

TURKEY's position in World War II was a continual subject of world comment. In contradistinction to World War I when Turkey was an avowed ally of German imperialism, in the recent war Turkish policy was very ambiguous. While Ankara maintained allied relations with Great Britain, it did everything to demonstrate its friendship for Hitler Germany. Aside from Germany's direct vassals, Turkey was the country which, more than any other, overrated the strength of Nazi Germany and her chances of victory.

In the autumn of 1939 Turkey proclaimed herself a "non-belligerent." Then she adopted a policy of neutrality which from the very start was favorable to Germany, inasmuch as it protected Germany's Balkan front. However, in the early period of the war, when Hitler seized western Europe and launched his African adventure, Turkey's neutrality was of some positive value to the Allies as well, since it prevented a swift advance of Hitler's hordes to the Suez and the Nile valley.

After Hitler Germany attacked the Soviet Union and concentrated the bulk of her armed forces on the Eastern Front, the value of Turkish neutrality to the Germans was considerably enhanced. It favored the Germans inasmuch as it protected their southeastern flank and made it unnecessary for Hitler to split his reserves. The Dardanelles were open only to Axis navies. Turkey permitted German and Italian warships free access to the Black Sea, which facilitated the military operations of the invaders in the southern regions of the USSR. The flattering compliments the Germans paid Ankara spoke eloquently of the value they attached to Turkey's services to them.

As the military and political situation in Germany deteriorated Turkish neutrality became increasingly important to the Nazis. It is obvious that if Turkey had entered the war even at the end of 1943, the military collapse of Hitler Germany would have been expedited. But even after the Teheran Conference, Turkey ignored her treaty of alliance with Great Britain and deferred renouncing her neutrality on one pretext or another.

Far from assisting the Allies, Turkey continued to render substantial aid to the Germans. Turkey, Spain, Switzerland and Sweden were the chief suppliers of scarce strategical raw materials to Germany's war industry. According to the well informed Turkish publication, *L'Economiste d'Orient* (Jan. 10, 1944), ninety percent of Turkey's total exports went to Germany. Public opinion in Allied countries was incensed by the fact that Turkey was supplying Germany with chromium ore. British and American newspapers repeatedly declared that without Turkish chromium a large part of Germany's high-grade steel industry would have been brought to a standstill. Economic asistance rendered by Turkey, as by other "neutrals," made it possible for the Nazis to continue their resistance to the Allies.

Right down to the final stage of the war the Turkish press spoke approvingly of the assistance the Turks were rendering to Germany and of their friendliness toward German aggression. "We have demonstrated our friendship for the Germans all through this war and have done so in their moment of greatest need," *Anadolu* wrote on May 7, 1944. "We shall remain friends of Germany to the last," *Son Posta* frankly admitted on April 22, 1944.

On the other hand, Turkey lost no opportunity in manifesting her unfriendliness toward the Soviet Union. We have only to recall the trial of the absolutely innocent Soviet citizens, Pavlov and Kornilov, staged by Turkish authorities at the instigation of Hitler's ambassador, Von Papen; the repeated crossing of Soviet frontiers by German aircraft from the Turkish side; attempts of Nazis spies to enter the Soviet Union through Turkey and the like. An Englishman who returned from Ankara in 1943, writing in the *Asiatic Review*, described his impression of Turkey's attitude toward the USSR as follows: "The Turks are displeased not that Russia is at war, but that in spite of her losses she is still a formidable power."

AS LATE as the summer of 1944, many of Von Papen's directives were carried out by Turkey as punctilliously as in 1942, when Hitler considered himself master of Europe. From the very first day of the war, large sections of the Turkish press which, as we know, is wholly dependent upon official quarters, adopted a violently hostile attitude towards the Soviet Union.

The Red Army's victories in the summer of 1944 and the opening of the Second Front in Europe could not but have a sobering effect upon Ankara. But while it realized that its expectations of German victory proved groundless, it now just as erroneously banked upon a split in the camp of the Allies.

Turkey's formal rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany was so belated that it evoked caustic comment all over the world. But even after that it was six months before Ankara could make up its mind to declare even symbolic war on Germany. It only did so when Hitler's hordes had been driven way back by the Red Army from Turkey's borders. Turkey could then, of course, commit herself without any risk. It was the unanimous opinion of the world press that Ankara's underlying motive was the fear of forfeiting the right to representation at the San Francisco Conference.

Turkey hoped to make a good thing out of the war by trading with Germany and her satellites. "It cannot be denied that the Germans did pay good prices for our goods," the Turkish newspaper, *Ulus*, recalled regretfully on Sept. 21, 1944, after the break in Turko-German relations. Having plundered nearly all of Europe, the Nazis, interested as they were both in obtaining strategic raw materials and in the continuation of Turkish neutrality, could afford to pay five or six times above world prices for certain kinds of goods.

But this one-sided policy of serving Germany and her satellites was fraught with the most disastrous consequences to Turkey's economy. She began to experience increasing shortage of raw materials as well as foodstuffs and consumer goods. Scarcity and high prices of coal and oil caused acute transport difficulties. Turkey's national income has always been one of the lowest in the world. "Profitable" trade with the Nazis enriched only a handful of speculators. Treasury receipts declined. Paper currency became generally inflated. Today, the cost of living has risen severalfold. Agriculture, unable to stand the strain of "neutrality" so favorable to the Germans, has fallen into de-

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Strong relics of feudalism have made themselves acutely felt. Although an agrarian country, Turkey is unable to supply even her minimum food requirements. At the end of last year, the newspaper *Yeni Sabah* lifted the curtain which conceals the state of affairs in the Turkish countryside. It bitterly complained that the farming methods of the Turkish peasant go back to the time of Adam and Noah.

"We are told," wrote the journalist Ulunay, "that Turkish peasants no longer plough holding the ox by the tail and that they have tractors, reapers, threshing machines and so on. But I must frankly confess that I have never seen a tractor even in the environs of Istanbul. In our district of Cartal you won't find a single agricultural machine." Large numbers of the rural population are hopelessly enmeshed in the toils of the usurer Etaga (a large landowner) and lead a most wretched existence.

ADAPTATION of Turkish economy to the needs of the German war machine reacted disastrously on foreign trade, which is the important item in the country's economy. Encouragement was given to the cultivation of crops which the Germans needed. Industries which produced goods the Germans required were expanded. No thought was given to the cost of production. The result was an artificial and widening gap between prices in Turkey and prices in the world market, with the consequent curtailment of export possibilities and loss of customers. During the war, Turkey's imports came chiefly from Germany and German-occupied countries. Turkey gets nothing from these countries now and in order to purchase elsewhere she needs foreign currency which she doesn't have.

The dislocation of agriculture, the stagnation of industry and the breakdown of foreign trade resulted in still further impoverishment of the masses. The cost of maintaining an army of over a million men is obviously too heavy a burden on the country. A Reuters commentator recently (Sept. 14, 1945) expressed the opinion that if the Turkish government failed to cope with economic difficulties, domestic political changes which might gravely affect Turkey's position in foreign affairs were bound to occur.

Democratic processes now at work in a number of European countries are having certain repercussions in Turkey. In other non-belligerent countries, the political forces in Turkey were divided in their attitude towards the warring camps. Even as late as last year, certain influential circles demanded unreserved adherence to the Axis powers. On the other hand, progressive elements severely criticized Ankara's orientation in foreign policy on the grounds that it ran directly counter to the country's fundamental interests and was highly detrimental to its political and economic relations with the democratic states. The progressive elements were opposed to rendering assistance to Nazi Germany and favored adherence to the United Nations. However, the political regime in Turkey, on which friendship with Nazi Germany left a deep impress, makes it impossible for the progressive forces to exercise effective influence on the country's policy.

A section of the Turkish press has of late been praising the alleged "democratic" character of the regime. But this is intended mainly for foreign consumption. It is noteworthy that while some newspapers are boosting Turkish "democracy," others affirm that even the most elementary principles of political democracy are impracticable in Turkey owing to the peculiarity of her development. The facts compel admission that Turkey is one of the few countries which have so far remained impermeable to the processes of democratization of social and political life. Turkish workers have virtually no rights.

"In all countries," *Yeni Sabah* wrote, "workers are able to stand up for the right to wages and social security. They have labor arbitration courts, which we have not. Unhappy women have nowhere to turn for redress when their rights are trampled upon. As to men, they can only obtain their wages by force. Here, too, we find no support from law and justice."

Although Turkey was not involved in the war in Europe, the authorities used the war as an excuse to remove practically every restriction on employment of female and child labor, to increase the working day sometimes to as many as fourteen hours. Kemal's labor laws were thus virtually abrogated. As early as 1940, the last remnants of labor organizations—the Kemal trade unions —were suppressed. Even handicrafts-men's associations are being suppressed. On the other hand, various pro-fascist organizations continued to operate openly.

The press presents an equally ugly picture. According to the Turkish newspaper, *Tan:* "The Turkish press is subjected to such tyrannical pressure as to be met with only in Iran. The government carried its interference so far as to dictate to us the kind of type to use for display heads. We have been unable to breathe, let alone talk, discuss and express our opinion."

Last year a bill was passed imposing additional restrictions and frankly directed against the progressive newspapers. Its effects were not long in forthcoming. All of the democratic newspapers and periodicals, including *Tan,* were suppressed. Only in the spring of 1945 was a certain let-up to be observed. *Tan* again appeared. But, adhering to their balance of power policy even with regard to the press, authorities simultaneously sanctioned the publication of *Tasvir,* a pro-Axis newspaper.

During the war, the reactionary Turkish newspapers gave every support to Nazi Germany and acted as advocates of Hitler and his gang. These newspapers too usually lead the hue and cry against the progressive elements and against those who call for sincere cooperation with the democratic world. Judges who are involved in the violence of fascists and the intrigues of Pan-Turkish conspirators mete out rigorous punishment to progressive and democratic leaders.

Turkey's prolonged friendship with Germany has affected her foreign policy as well. As early as 1940 Turkey virtually disassociated herself from the Balkans. She renounced her obligations towards her Balkan allies. "Greece, Rumania, Turkey and Yugoslavia mutually guarantee the security of all their Balkan frontiers"—this underlying principle of the Balkan Pact of 1934 proved an empty phrase as far as Turkey was concerned. In defiance of the provisions of the pact, she remained impassive when Yugoslavia and Greece were attacked by Germany. This facilitated the occupation of the entire Balkan peninsula by the Germans. During the period of the German sway in the Balkans Turkey did not even hint that she was a Balkan country. The Balkan people's struggle for national liberation from the Nazi invaders, which evoked the admiration and gratitude of the progressive men and women all over the world, was characterized by the Turkish reactionary press as "mutiny" and "anarchy." And it was not until the whole Balkan peninsula was liberated from the Nazis, thanks to the victory of the Red Army and the efforts of the Balkan peoples themselves, that Turkey began to talk of the "solidarity" of the

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FRANK FAY'S "FRIENDS"

ON SEPTEMBER 24 the Spanish Refugee Appeal held a rally in Madison Square Garden to raise money for Spain's anti-fascist refugees and to demand the ouster of Franco. This was a signal for Hearst's Howard Rushmore to attack the meeting as a blast against the Catholic Church. And the notorious anti-Semitic actor, Frank Fay, also with the help of Hearst publicity, accused five of his Actors Equity colleagues who supported the rally—Margo, Sono Osato, Jean Darling, Luba Malina and David Brooks—of aiding in this "attack" on religion. Fay demanded that Equity act on his charges. Equity's council, however, rebuked Fay instead, and was overwhelmingly supported in its rebuke by the membership. Since then the *Journal-American* and Fay have been bellowing furiously to the world at large, calling for a crusade against "the Reds."

But the real issues are clear even to those who are not old acquaintances with the familiar attack against the forces who want a decent world and are willing to fight for it. Behind the phony religious facade the Fay supporters are erecting can be seen the face of every known pro-Franco Red-baiter and Jew-baiter. At a meeting of the Catholic Institute of the Press, Tuesday, October 23, Edward Maher, a *Journal-American* editor, turned an "inquiry" on the controversy into a super-defense of Franco.

The latest move in what is obviously intended to become a campaign of sizable proportions is the calling of a Madison Square Garden meeting for Thursday, January 10, under the auspices of "The Friends of Frank Fay." Who is putting up the money could bear investigation. In charge of publicity is one Edward Atwell, former organizer for Robert Reynolds' fascist American Nationalist Party, editor of the anti-Semitic hate sheet *Passing Caravan*, and a pal of Joseph Kamp of the Constitutional Educational League, fascist propaganda outlet. Support for Frank Fay has come from Albert P. Monaco, secretary to Clare Luce, from the anti-Semitic *Gentile News* and Chicago *Tribune*, The *Brooklyn Tablet*, *National Republic* and other Coughlinite and "nationalist" papers. Under the cry of "Anti-Christ," the hooligans of democracy prepare the attack. Decent citizens dare not rest until it becomes impossible for such forces to rally a penny, a hall, a decent citizen to listen to its Nuremberg accents.

Balkan countries and the "invaluable assistance" she supposedly rendered them.

Certain elements in Turkey claim that it is she that should exercise leadership in the Balkans. Obviously these calculations are built on sand. The situation in the Balkans today is fundamentally different from what it was before the war. Not only have the peoples of the much suffering peninsula rid themselves of the German invaders; they have irrevocably put an end to their reactionary regimes. They need nobody's tutelage, Turkey's least of all. That is probably the reason for the unconcealed animosity which the democratic resurrection of Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania arouses in Ankara. The democratic governments of these countries are viciously attacked in the Turkish reactionary press and their social reforms are represented as chaos and anarchy. Venal journalists openly call for armed intervention with the purpose of restoring pro-fascist regimes in the Balkans. Many Turkish newspapers echo Goebbel's lie that the non-Slav people of the Balkans are menaced by a "Slav peril."

Turkey's policy during World War II seriously undermined her prestige in international affairs and in Balkan affairs in particular. This evidently is realized in Ankara and attempts are being made to recoup the loss in other directions. In the latter part of September, in connection with a visit of the Regent of Iraq to Ankara, the idea of a new bloc headed by Turkey—this time a Turko-Arab bloc—was loudly advertised. The suggestion made by Nuri Said that Turkey should join the Arab League was hailed with delight by Turkish reactionaries.

When one examines Turkey's foreign policy during the war and in the initial period of peace, one is struck by her studied disregard of profound changes which have taken place in the international arena. To disregard re-ties in this way can lead to no go-

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MY COUSIN MALKAH

By A. B. MAGIL

In 1930 my cousin Malkah was living in Berlin with her husband, a German Jewish physician, and their three-year-old daughter, Margolith. Malkah's younger sister, Ida, was also living in Berlin, in a furnished room in the Charlottenburg section, and working as a secretary for a firm manufacturing soap and perfumes. The two sisters had come from Kaunas, Lithuania, drawn to a land of larger horizons and richer culture. Their youngest sister, Mira, remained in Kaunas with her parents. Their brother, Abraham, the oldest, was living in Leningrad with his wife and eleven-year-old daughter.

On my way back from a brief visit to the Soviet Union I stopped to spend a few days with my Uncle Shachno in Kaunas. It was with some difficulty that I had persuaded the Lithuanian embassy in Moscow that my intentions were not subversive and that granting me a visitor's visa would not undermine the semi-fascist law and order of Lithuania. My uncle was a warm, sensitive man of affairs who often went on business trips to Berlin. He was my mother's only brother and he poured out on this son of his favorite sister the pent-up love of the thirty-five years since he had last seen her.

From Kaunas I went to Berlin, where I met my two unknown cousins. Malkah and her husband leaned toward Zionism; Ida's sympathies were with the Left. Berlin in 1930 was a brash, dynamic city which reminded me in many ways of New York. Two months earlier the Reichstag elections had seen the sudden rising of the Nazi tide and the Hitler party had become the second in Germany. But the dark days had not yet come, and walking in the Friedrichstrasse or eating in Aschinger's, I did not feel the breath of Nazism down my neck. The anti-Semitic tirades in Goebbels' *Angriff* appeared ludicrous and unreal. And in the Karl Liebknecht House, headquarters of the Communist Party, the power of the working class seemed unshatterable.

For Ida I bought a volume of George Grosz's acid drawings, *Das Gesicht der Herrschenden Klasse* (The Face of the Ruling Class), for Malkah a scarf, for Margolith a wooden duck with strings that made it waddle and bob its head. I left to catch the train for Paris. Ida walked me to the street car, kissed me on the cheek and said goodbye.

By 1932 the Nazi breath was heavy and fetid. Ida left Germany and returned to Kaunas. Malkah and her family went to Palestine and settled in Tel Aviv where she and her husband (she was a doctor too) began to work in a hospital. I was happy my cousins had escaped. Ida married a Jewish teacher in Kaunas. In 1937 she wrote me of the birth of her son. I remember it was during the Spanish war and somehow in my mind these two—the birth of Ida's son and the torment of Spanish democracy—were joined.

In 1941 the Nazis caught up with Ida. They caught up with her husband and her son. They caught up with my Uncle Shachno and my Aunt Basya. Only Mira and her husband escaped into the Soviet interior. I know nothing of how Ida and her near-ones died, but having read the account of so many other Nazi blood-saturnalia, I know

"Head of an Old Jew," by Maurice Becker.

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everything. I know enough to know how unlikely it is that the Nazis were so merciful as simply to have put a bullet between Ida's eyes or have strangled her four-year-old or hanged my old uncle.

And so the fate of Spain decided the fate of Ida's son, the fate of six million Jews.

In 1941 the Nazis also came to Leningrad, but were held outside the city. Abraham, though nearly fifty, went into the Red Army and fought in defense of Leningrad. His wife, Genessa, and their daughter, Naomi, whose own husband, a Red Army officer, was at the front, were evacuated to Engels in the Saratov district, where formerly there had been the Volga German Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic. The German shells flew into Leningrad like steel crows, but they were more gentle than hunger. Abraham was stricken and for months lays in the hospital, his life—and Leningrad's—in the balance. He, like his city, survived, and when the Nazi hordes were driven back, his wife and daughter rejoined him.

The war is over, but peace is a Sabbath guest who has failed to arrive. There are no more German pogroms; instead there are British pogroms. And there is a discreet American partnership, or is it only an acquiescence? In the all-Jewish city of Tel Aviv British troops have been shooting down Jews who protested the Labor government's betrayal of its pledges on Palestine. (In other parts of the world the "Jews" are Indonesians and Indians, and the time may even come when they will be Arabs.) And in the former Nazi concentration camp at Belsen, Jews have been beaten by British military policemen. But presumably they are, in the words of that British major who was counsel for the Nazi murderers in the recent Belsen trial, only "scum of the ghetto."

The Nazis caught up with Ida. Have the British caught up with Malkah? I ask because at this moment I do not know whether she is alive or dead, or whether tomorrow she will be alive or dead. I ask because these are my people, and they are everyone's people as everyone's people are mine. I ask because the voice of Goebbels is no pleasanter when it speaks with an Oxford accent. I ask because the world did not burn for six years so that the tanks that shoot down Jews in the streets of Tel Aviv should be British instead of German.

Six years of horror demand an answer: *have the British caught up with Malkah?*

HOW PSYCHIATRY CAN HELP

By JOSEPH WORTIS

Recently NEW MASSES *published (October 2, 9, 30 and November 6) four articles by Drs. Joseph Wortis and J. B. Furst on psychoanalysis. The following is written by Dr. Wortis in reply to the position taken by Dr. Furst. In the next issue of* NEW MASSES, *Dr. Furst will reply to Dr. Wortis.*

Until recently Dr. Wortis was a lieutenant commander in the US Public Health Service and Chief Psychiatrist to the War Shipping Administration in New York (RMO). He now teaches and does research at Bellevue Hospital and New York University Medical College. His psychoanalytic experience began over ten years ago with a period of didactic analysis under Sigmund Freud.

INNER conflicts can be resolved, according to Karen Horney's latest book, "*only* by changing the conditions *within the personality* that brought them into being." (*Our Inner Conflicts*, p. 216.) This extreme emphasis on the subjective element in people's inner conflicts is typical of the psychoanalytic point of view. It seems to me to be incompatible with the point of view of a socially oriented and materialist psychiatry.

The republication of my article "Freudianism and the Psychoanalytic Tradition" from the *American Journal of Psychiatry* (Vol. 101: 814, 1945) in NEW MASSES has, however, brought forth a new kind of sponsorship of psychoanalytic principles by a Marxist, Dr. J. B. Furst. He rejects Freudianism, but thinks that "modern" psychoanalysis, as represented in Horney's books, is compatible with dialectical materialism. His article is essentially an endorsement of her views.

The main difference between Dr. Furst's point of view and my own is that he feels, like Horney, that personality changes must take place exclusively or primarily by psychological means with little or no recourse to social experience, while I feel that the chief influence in changing a patient's personality is his total experience in the real world, and that the beneficial effects of analysis depend mainly upon the degree to which they contribute to a change in that total experience. This may well involve a change in the method of psychotherapy, and a certain depreciation of its role, but it does not require its total extinction[1].

Psychoanalytic sessions consist essentially of discussions of the nature and origin of the patients' problems. We can agree with Horney's statement that their main objective "is, after having recognized neurotic trends, to discover in detail the functions they serve and the consequences they have on the patient's personality and on his life." (*New Ways in Psychoanalysis*, p. 281.) The main purpose of the analysis, in other words, is to help the patient understand his

[1] Dr. Furst, like many other psychoanalysts, seeks to create the impression that psychoanalysis and psychological treatment are synonymous: this leads to unnecessary confusion. Psychoanalysis, strictly speaking, should refer only to Freudianism, since Freud devised the term. It has been appropriated by Horney because she feels she retains the essential features of psychoanalysis in her method of treatment. From the point of view of my criticism the methods of Horney and Freud are grouped together as part of the psychoanalytic tradition because they share three important features: (1) an overestimation of the role of subjective psychological factors in determining adult personality and behavior, with a consequent neglect of experience, activity and physiology; (2) an overestimation of the role of insight and understanding and consequent neglect of action in treatment; (3) a neglect or denial of the importance of class relationships, class identification and class ideology in psychology. If these factors are all to be given consideration, a method of treatment involving both psychological understanding and activity ensues which differs so radically from these other methods that I prefer to call its psychological component psychotherapy, or simply analysis, to indicate its break with the Freudian tradition. Within this framework there is no reason why the positive contributions of Freud and Horney cannot be retained. Our armies have never hesitated to use captured cannon: it is only important to see that they are pointed in the right direction.

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problems. My point is that understanding is not enough. Analysis usually is at best a preliminary to treatment: its main task is to relieve the bewilderment that is characteristic of the neurotic development so that effective action can follow.

It must be recognized that there is a reciprocal relationship between understanding and activity. Changes in behavior—in the relation of one individual to others—effect changes in thought; and conversely, disorders of thought produce disorders of behavior. These interrelationships are universal, complex and constant. But it is important to understand that in this complexity social relationships are basic. This is not one-sided: it is merely putting the emphasis where it belongs. It is the psychoanalysts who are one-sided—and on the wrong side too—in their constant insistence that mental phenomena can *only* be changed by psychological means. Dr. Furst says this no less than six times in his article: (1) "Psychoanalysis was the first satisfactory treatment for the neuroses. In one form or another it is still the *only* satisfactory treatment for them. . . ." (All italics in this article are my own.) (2) "The proletariat has a high incidence of mental illness which *must* be treated by psychiatric and psychotherapeutic methods." (3) "Psychological problems *must* be treated on their own level, i.e., the psychological level." (4) "There are a number of therapeutic techniques for dealing with emotional conflicts on the *necessary* psychological level." (5) "Anxiety of the type that comes to a psychiatrist is a psychological phenomenon and *must* be *primarily* dealt with by psychological treatments." (6) "Psychological illnesses and conflicts *must* be dealt with *primarily* by psychological methods."

But medical science has already amply demonstrated that many mental disorders can be effectively treated by non-psychological means: on the physiological side there is, for example, the fever treatment of paresis, the insulin treatment of dementia praecox, the electro-shock treatment of depressions, the prolonged sleep treatment of war neurosis, and the ether treatment of hysterical mutism practised in the USSR. (*American-Soviet Medical Journal*, Vol. I: 557, 1943.)

I wonder what the merchant seamen I worked with during the war would make of Dr. Furst's statement that "fatigue, tension and overwork are not primary causes of neurosis. . . . They must occur in the presence of an already [illegible] personality to be associated with psychological disturbance." In fact, not even Sigmund Freud commits himself so completely to the psychological point of view as does Dr. Furst. In his article on psychoanalysis in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* Freud, more cautious than his followers, wrote, "The principle field of its application is in the milder neuroses. . . . Its influence upon dementia praecox and paranoia is doubtful. . . . The future will probably attribute far greater importance to psychoanalysis as the science of the unconscious than as a therapeutic procedure."

On the social side there are also many examples of the way in which changed social experience changes personality too. Group activity programs are commonplace in child education and child guidance work. Community activity programs were foremost among the demands of progressives in dealing with wartime delinquency. The Soviet methods for handling juvenile delinquency (see the Russian film *Road to Life*), prostitution and criminality depend primarily on social measures and not on the individual's insight into his psychological processes. The alteration of the German fascist mentality fortunately did not rely exclusively on psychological means. The recent paper "Soviet Psychology in Wartime" by the Russian psychologist Rubenstein, from which Dr. Furst quotes, does not contain a single psychoanalytic formulation; its main emphasis throughout is upon activity: "In concrete activity, in work, in adult social practice, in child-training and education, mental characteristics not only *appear*, but are *formed*." (*Journal of Philosophical and Phenomenological Research*, Vol. 5: 182, 1944.) Luria, a Soviet psychiatrist—from whom Dr. Furst also quotes—specifically disavows psychoanalysis ("Nature of Human Conflicts," p. XII) and states, "there is not a single neuropathologist who would not point to social or biological defections of the subject as the basis of the entire series of psychoneuroses" (p. 225).[2]

Since Dr. Furst himself accepts Luria's demonstration of the production of an anxiety neurosis in adults by experimental situations, why does he deny the fact that similar anxiety neuroses can be produced in adults by non-experimental social situations too? Dr. Furst emphasises the fact that the analytic relationship between patient and doctor is a working relationship and in itself provides helpful practical activity. With this I agree. My objections are that it is too limited, too often mistaken and misleading, and too expensive (five to twenty-five dollars an hour). But if this practical activity is beneficial, why does Dr. Furst deny the fact that other practical activities can be helpful too?

The fundamental importance of social experience is conceded by the "modern" psychoanalysts only with respect to childhood years. They regard experience as a sort of one-way street which can lead to a neurotic development but cannot lead away from it.[3] That is why they keep insisting upon the stability, cohesiveness, extraordinary continuity, etc., which characterize the personality of adult neurotics. The neurotic, they say, creates his own social experience: "Neuroses," Dr. Furst writes, "are self-maintaining systems of reacting." The key to change, he accordingly believes, lies not in social situations, "but in the psychological feelings themselves." He thus fully endorses the conventional psychoanalytic point of view, expressed by Horney, that childhood experiences are decisive: change through social experience is no longer possible. "The neurotic," writes Dr. Furst, "knows what good relations are and wants them. Much of his unhappiness is precisely because he cannot have them." In Dr. Furst's words the neurotic can only be cured "by an active process of self-change." But, to expand the statement of Dr. Furst's, it is even more true that the neurotic knows what good personality characteristics are and wants them. Much of his unhappiness is due to the fact that he cannot have them.

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[2] Soviet Russia is the only major country which (for the past ten years) has no psychoanalytic society affiliated with the International Psychoanalytic Association. Up to 1944 the *International Journal of Psychoanalysis* listed a Dr. Kannabich as Moscow editor, in spite of the fact that Dr. Kannabich died in 1939. At present the *Journal* has no Soviet representative at all. Dr. H. W. Gantt, who translated Luria's book, and who is the foremost American pupil of Pavlov, has, incidentally, written to express warm approval of the point of view expressed in the article. Needless to say, all this by no means implies that psychotherapeutic methods are not employed in the USSR.

[3] Dr. Furst, for example, correctly cites Marx to the effect that "workers live in a competitive society and compete with each other. In spite of their cooperative productive relations they do not escape the generally poisonous atmosphere of capitalism." From this Dr. Furst draws the immediate "Marxist" conclusion that, "The working class has a high incidence of mental illness which *must* be treated by psychiatric and psychotherapeutic methods."

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"All neuroses," writes Dr. Furst, "are *self-maintaining systems* of reacting." The concept of a *self-maintaining* neurosis, however, has no basis in fact. A stable personality organization is dependent on both a stable system of social relationships and a stable physiological support to the mental processes. People retain similar personality traits throughout their lives only when they willingly can or unwillingly must maintain the same *significant* social relationships. The neurotic can create only part of his total social experience. His employment or unemployment, the security of his job, the nature and conditions of his work, his income, his responsibilities, his family and sex relationships, the misfortunes of ill health and accidents, all of these operate more or less independently of his will, and—for better or worse—affect the development of his personality. It is true that he is never passively responsive to his experience; there is always an overlap and interaction between past and present experience, but he is responsive just the same.

As I said in my article, "mature individuals have acquired a personality of their own, related to biological endowment, past experiences, ideological influences, varying individual and social pressures, long-range individual and group needs, and condition of health, in addition to their immediate situation." Past experience, however, cannot be changed. That is why psychiatric treatment must use all the other influences to counteract the harmful influences of the past. Fresh emphasis must therefore be placed on those factors which are susceptible to influence and change.

It is Utopian to think that personality is infinitely and passively changeable, but there is generally enough scope for action in most neurotics to produce significant changes for the better. There is no contradiction whatever in understanding the importance of past experience in causing a neurosis, and emphasizing the importance of present experience in relieving it. It is only by understanding the psychological consequences of the individual's past experience that guidance can be provided which is useful, timely and practicable. The mode of activity that ensues will vary with different patients and with different circumstances—the severe neurotic cannot be abruptly catapulted into new and difficult situations—but therapy involves social relationships just the same. That is why most people will have to get relief from their unhappy conflicts by a change in their social relationships and social situations.

Psychotherapy can help toward this change, and the degree of relief it sometimes affords is considerable. I have tried elsewhere (in a forthcoming commentary on the article of Bartlett that appeared early this year in *Science and Society*) to describe some of the direct benefits of the psychotherapeutic relationship, which may take place before there is any change in the patient's social relationships, and which sometimes do not require formal change. Much of the help that the psychotherapeutic relationship affords is, however, of a nontechnical or incidental nature; it consists essentially of a sympathetic supportive relationship to a person who is often lonely, suffering and discouraged. The relationship involves socially useful and productive cooperative work. Sometimes a simple explanation of some scientific facts can relieve tormenting fears. It is educational: the insight it affords spares energy by allowing the patient to see his problem clearly and to turn his attention elsewhere. It makes him feel more human and less unique by showing the social and human origin of his problems. Unless, however, it leads to a change in the nature, quality and character of his relationships, the relief is likely to be brief and temporary. For many or most neurotics life itself can and should afford these benefits without recourse to psychotherapy. The use of group therapy (for suitable cases) is a step in that direction. An alert and progressive labor movement should include some of the social alternatives to individual psychotherapy in its program.

Moreover, even when we encounter anxiety or guilt associated with inner psychological conflicts, it is usually possible to relate these to conflicting ideologies and values that reflect the class contradictions of our society. I would regard insight of this sort as part of the psychotherapeutic process. Horney says, "Since neuroses involve questions of human behavior and human motivations, social and traditional evaluations inadvertently determine the problems tackled and the goal aimed at. . . . My own opinion is that an absence of value judgments belongs among those ideals we should try rather to overcome than to cultivate." (*New Ways*, pp. 296-297.) With this we agree; but the contradictions of our society prevent any reliable standard of values unless one takes sides. Horney's values are middle-class and individualistic: they only lead to fresh complexities and contradictions.[4] As Howard Selsam remarks in *Socialism and Ethics*: "The standpoint of the working class provides the only possible basis in a capitalist society for a science of values." This is another reason why the neurotic's need for stable values can best be realized by a consolidation of social feeling with the popular forces of our society. The middle classes, too, have both the capacity, and the need, for movement in that direction.

Only the crudest oversimplification of these views could lead Dr. Furst to believe that I recommend trade unionism to cure neuroses. Membership in a trade union does not necessarily resolve these contradictions. Trade union activity can in itself create conflicts which find expression in neurotic symptoms. In addition to the survival of past attitudes in new situations and the constant pressure of harmful ideologies, life for the neurotic continues to consist of a great variety of other things: work, family, friends, relatives, various social pressures, etc. Moreover, even the trade unions, in spite of their fundamental wholesomeness, cannot escape some of the limitations, conflicts and contradictions of our society, so that—as every old-time trade unionist knows—more than a few neurotics can not only maintain their neurosis, but even sometimes flourish for a while in the labor movement.

IN CONSIDERING methods of good treatment, it is not merely a matter of weighing the relative importance of understanding versus activity; an appreciation of the importance of experience and activity involves a change in the kind of understanding that the patient is helped to acquire. An understanding of the role of the patient's total experience opens new possibilities in treatment, but it also imposes limitations on individual psychotherapy. The psychoanalysts seldom mention the limitations that social situations and past social experience impose upon them. An understanding of the way in which, for example, a Southern accent was acquired does not obliterate the accent: certain Southern prejudices are not readily removed by understanding either. Habits and attitudes of a lifetime are not easily erased by new experiences, and are even less likely to be erased by analysis without new experience. To read the ana-

[4] See, for example, her statement: "We should be inclined to consider neurotic, for example, a girl who prefers to remain in the rank and file, refuses to accept an increased salary and does not wish to be identified with her superiors. . . ."(*New Ways*, p. 278.)

(*Continued on page* 21)

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MATTER OF FACT . . . by LEWIS MERRILL

MEMO TO PROFESSIONALS

THERE is no kind of a future for creative workers, whether they are in the sciences and professions or elsewhere, in a country completely dominated by the policies of monopoly industry and monopoly finance. The brutal readiness of monopoly capital to provoke turmoil and distress, so that they can better add to their already enormous power, poses some basic questions for the entire middle class. The refusal of the major employers to accept responsibility for providing full employment and a higher standard of living means that there is no prospect of the full utilization of the sciences and professions. Nor is there any hope for personal security—for after all, the scientists and professionals are largely salaried employes.

Like most of the middle class, the organizations in the sciences and professions generally put forward their thinking under a guise of being apolitical. They dislike taking sides. When they do take a position, all too frequently *in the past* it has been as quasi-supporters in the camp of the people's enemies. However, the economic and social considerations which are moving them today are the substance of politics. During the war, cooperation with the labor movement lost many of its terrors to them. While they have not learned to rely fully on the labor movement, they are no longer taken aback at the idea of working with labor. If they frankly and honestly explore the problems before the nation in their efforts to provide a solution to their own problems, the need to work with the labor movement will automatically present itself.

The status of the middle class as a whole has not only not improved during the war but in major respects has grown worse. The path of inflation along which, under the prodding of monopoly industry, our government is leading us will condemn the middle class to a fixed lowered standard of living—and just how low, no one can tell. All this means that there will likely be a readier reception by the middle class to a working-class policy and a working-class outlook as against a monopolist policy and an employer outlook.

Before such middle class groups can become allies of labor, they will have to define what kind of an America they want. They will also have to learn more about the labor movement and how to work with it in achieving agreed-upon aims. In the sciences and professions particularly, the organizations of those who might be described as leaders of the middle class must show initiative, leadership and a little ordinary courage in dealing with some of the blunt facts in our country. And they must do this rapidly.

ON JANUARY eleventh and twelfth the Third National Conference of Scientific and Professional Organizations will take place at the Engineering Societies Building in New York City. Headed by Dr. Kirtley F. Mather, the conference represents an effort on the part of some forty participating organizations to define what has to be done to make it possible for the sciences and professions to flourish and grow in America.

The first two conferences took place during the war, in 1943 and 1944. The first one was called on the initiative of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Association of Scientific Workers, the YWCA, the National Educational Association, the American Association of Social Workers, the United Office and Professional Workers of America and several other organizations.

Both conferences were concerned primarily with the war effort. They examined such questions as planning for full employment, standards of living, postwar readjustment of the professions, and international collaboration of the professions. All this was part of an effort to define for the professional workers, as a group, the basis for their fuller contribution to the war effort and to stabilize their support for the government in the prosecution of the war.

At the same time, the participating organizations considered very seriously the advice they received in a special message from Albert Einstein, which pointed out the urgent necessity "for intellectual workers to get together both to protect their economic status and also, generally speaking, to secure their influence in the political field." Both wartime conferences, directly and indirectly, registered the conclusion that such goals could be most rapidly brought about through support for the democratic coalition grouped around President Roosevelt and the labor movement.

The purpose of the present conference is to assess current national trends and developments from the standpoint of the national welfare. The participants have made it clear in their preliminary announcements that they want to know what has to be done to create a durable peace, an economy of plenty and the wide expansion of science, education and culture.

Organizations working through the National Conference and participating in the wartime conferences represent a membership of 3,500,000. Generally speaking, their members are men and women who, by chosen career or by condition of employment, find themselves in that great group of cultural, scientific and white collar workers who identify themselves with the middle class.

Of course, their forthcoming conference cannot by itself determine the attitude of the middle class. But it can have an important effect in helping the middle class to cooperate with labor and its progressive allies in the national interest. And if the conference can serve to stimulate these organizations to an understanding of the role they are called upon to play today, in their own interest and in the interest of the country, it cannot help but bring with it a clearer and truer understanding of labor's role in the nation and a greater readiness to undertake joint or parallel action with the labor movement.

This is far short of what is necessary. What is urgently demanded is for representative organizations such as these to accept responsibility to help forge a new national coalition of which organized labor would be the hard core. Such a coalition would include among its basic objectives the very goals for which the conference's member organizations are presently cooperating. Nevertheless, the conference will provide an important indicator of what practical help labor and the progressive movement can expect from important organized sections of the middle class.

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LOBBY AGAINST FREE SCIENCE

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington.

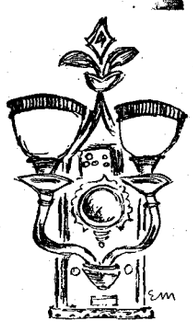
TUCKED away on the next to the last page of the latest volume of testimony on science legislation published by the Kilgore Military Affairs Subcommittee (Vol. 4, unrevised as yet) is a revealing little item which throws some light on why the lobby campaigning against the Kilgore science bill is such a vocal one. Of 7,499 development contracts let by the War Department to individuals and profit organizations in the fiscal years 1940-45 inclusive, only twenty-two retained the patent rights for the government of any inventions made in the performance of the contract. Of 569 contracts with educational and nonprofit organizations, only fourteen made the government sole owner. These do not include the atomic development contracts, which remain clouded in secrecy, or Ordnance Department data, which, however, more or less paralleled the other War Department research contracts.

The most active lobby against the Kilgore bill stems from the American Chemical Society, which is closely allied with big industry, and the American Medical Association, whose propagandist, Dr. Morris Fishbein of Chicago, is on record against the bill. Hundreds of letters, which read almost as form letters, have been written to Senators by doctors and chemists. They favor the proposed National Science Foundation —even that hidebound reactionary Dr. Fishbein has been forced by public opinion to do so—but prefer the Magnuson bill. Some of them say openly they prefer it because it doesn't contemplate what they term reform of the patent system.

This is the approach which Charles F. Kettering, General Motors vice president and general manager of GM's Research Laboratories, took in testifying before the committee. He was all for reform of the patent system—but slowly. He himself heads a committee which has been considering such reform for some ten years now. Actually the Kilgore bill doesn't do a thing to reform the patent system. All it does is to establish the policy of ownership by the people of any invention or scientific discovery which is developed in the course of fulfilling a project paid for in full or in part by government funds. The new Kilgore bill (S-1720), introduced the last day before the holiday recess, is in general an improvement over the old (S-1297), and spells out with more certainty provisions wanted by the scientists to insure their independence and working freedom. Its patent provisions are softened somewhat, with escape clauses applying to private or industrial laboratories which allow negotiations with the director of the proposed National Science Foundation in cases where the basic steps to a given discovery were made by a laboratory before it obtained government financing. Under proper administration the public would have little to fear although the original Kilgore bill had more air-tight provisions.

It is interesting that, according to published reports which have not been denied, Dr. Vannevar Bush, head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, adviser to the President on the atomic bomb, and the scientist who but for illness would have accompanied Secretary of State Byrnes to Moscow, still is holding out against the bill despite the support the President has pledged to Senator Kilgore. Coupled with Bush are such conservatives as Dr. Isaiah Bowman of Johns Hopkins. It was Bush who originally sold Sen. Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.) a bill of goods and got him to introduce it as the Magnuson bill.

In significant numbers, if not in the hundreds, like the American Chemical Society-inspired letters, are letters to Senators and the subcommittee from individual professors and others who are revolting against being told what to say on the all-important legislation. Many of the scientists are overcoming their professional shyness and tendency to worry, which accompanied their new-found articulateness on current political events. At first they were afraid that unless the proposed foundation were controlled by a big board of respectable characters untainted by politics it would be issuing impossible directives and trying to make mechanical men of them. When some of them discovered that Senator Kilgore had nothing against a board, but was concerned with what kind, and particularly with how to avoid a board of dollar-a-year men who had ties with big industries or big educational institutions which got their endowments from big industries, they relaxed. Now many of them are supporting this bill providing for a strong director responsible to the President and the Congress, with an advisory board of considerable power. The Magnuson bill lays stress on a board which would in practice be subject to no popular pressure, and it is reported that it is about this part of the bill that Senator Magnuson is most adamant. Meanwhile, in addition to the co-sponsors of the previous bill, Senators Claude Pepper and Edwin C. Johnson, Senators J. William Fulbright and Leverett Saltonstall are sponsoring the new legislation.



TO HURRY HOUSING

A NEW bill (S-1729) which attracted little attention in the furore of Congressmen trying to get away for the holidays is going to scare hell out of the building industry. Introduced by Sen. Hugh B. Mitchell (D., Wash.) and co-sponsored by Senator Kilgore, it lays out a program for providing our homeless veterans with low-cost housing in acute shortage areas through the use of surplus war plants. The idea is to put to use airplane factories and others suitable for turning out assembly-line houses utilizing new materials and mass-production techniques. With the National Housing Agency as a sort of middleman and broker, lending money and placing orders, local agencies would be helped to provide veterans with houses within their means—if those localities offered none otherwise. Insofar as possible aluminum, magnesium, other light metals, alloys, plastics, plywoods and other composition materials and wood derivatives, "or components of a character not generally utilized as major building materials in the construction of homes" would be used. Among other things it might keep some aluminum plants in operation. The Surplus Property Administration would be instructed to grant priorities to those wishing to acquire surplus plants for the purpose, second only to the priority of other federal agencies.

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REUNION IN MOSCOW

By JOHN STUART

IN ALL that has been said of Mr. Byrnes' mission there is the predominant note of hope—hope that the impasse among the Big Three has been overcome sufficiently to make possible a degree of progress in consolidating the peace. One breathes a little more easily. One can sense an inner relaxation replacing the tension and anxiety that attended the world-wide crisis following the London meeting of foreign ministers. The common man has deposited so much faith in the unity of the coalition to advance his own welfare that any divergence rouses the deepest fears in him. And when the divergence is mitigated there is a corresponding sigh of relief everywhere. Such is the immediate effect of international politics on our personal lives. It could not be otherwise, for the nightmare of war is still before our eyes and every conference is judged by whether it moves the world towards another catastrophe or farther away from it.

Strange it is that the Moscow atmosphere is so conducive to agreement and better understanding. Perhaps it is that this time Mr. Byrnes did not take John Foster Dulles with him. Perhaps it is because the Soviet capital is the most rumorless in the world. But more likely it is because when Byrnes and Bevin are ready to come to Moscow they come ready to make up in part for the stupidities committed in Washington and London.

Mr. Byrnes flew to Moscow but, figuratively speaking, he flew again to Potsdam. For nothing was accomplished at Moscow in a procedural sense that was not embodied in principle in the Potsdam agreement. In the largest aspect the Moscow understandings reaffirmed the commitments made months ago at the highest level—commitments which Byrnes and Bevin sought to break by insisting on new procedural formulas for writing the peace treaties. Molotov rightly interpreted these efforts to invalidate Potsdam as a fresh attempt to substitute the politics of blocs for the politics of coalition. If Molotov was adamant at the London meeting last September it was only because he foresaw in the relinquishment of Potsdam the beginning of what, in effect, he defined on Nov. 6, 1945 as a return to the pre-war Munich situation.

In the new Moscow understandings the principle of unanimity and of unity are again reestablished. Whether in relation to the Far East's future or to the disposition of atomic energy through a commission responsible to the Security Council, the leading powers are on paper obligated to act together, thus reducing the drive towards power politics and all the concommittant evils that arise from it. Voting combinations also expressed the bloc psychosis which threatened the embryonic life of the United Nations Organization. And once more Soviet insistence on principle, even though it would have been easy to make concessions, prevents the UNO at this point from being converted into the fiasco known as the League of Nations.

THE question of procedure may seem to the unwary a merely technical matter. But it is more, much more. For proper procedure is at the heart of safeguarding against such developments as took place at the San Francisco Conference where fascist Argentina was admitted by a majority of votes. The plain fact is that had the unanimity principle been adopted then Argentina would never have been seated because those states which lined up on Argentina's behalf after American insistence would never have done so.

Furthermore, the new Moscow understandings again prove the emptiness of the charge that the USSR has been attempting to override the smaller nations in the peace settlement. The Soviet position was clear even during the London Conference where Molotov said that he was far from opposed to a general peace conference where treaties drafted by the Big Three would be reviewed. It was only Byrnes and Bevin who gave the impression that the USSR wanted to make treaty drafting the exclusive right of the Big Three. Now it is apparent from the Christmas communique that the Russians are in full accord with the calling of a general conference of nations which took an active part in the European war. This time, however, the general conference does not replace the unity of the Big Three which is the core of the treaty-making procedure. Without this core there would have been another scramble for votes and the construction of voting blocs.

The conference also obviously discussed many issues on which conclusions are pending. They are not noted in the final communique but it is in the nature of things that agreements are registered while other harrowing matters, particularly those on which agreement was not reached, are left for the future. It is these problems that may become the source of controversy later on and affect adversely the implementation of agreements already made. It is here that danger exists because for every pulling together there is a pulling apart and in the present context of world politics there is no guarantee that another crisis will not arise overtaking the progress made at Moscow. No one should be deluded that American imperialism has, after the Moscow meeting, made its peace with the Soviet Union and that it has finally determined on the coalition way of doing things at all cost. What we have now is a diplomatic agreement among three states two of which, the United States and Great Britain, are racked by internal problems and have in the past sought solutions for them by aggression, either the dry or bloody kind. All one can say is that the sharp point of the American Big Stick has for the moment been somewhat blunted but it is still a Big Stick.

Mr. Byrnes was compelled to go to Moscow for several reasons, but the most imporant is the enormous mass pressure that followed in the wake of his failure at London, President Truman's platitudes on atomic energy, and the crisis in China. This widespread disillusionment has been a moral boomerang hitting Byrnes and Truman squarely in the face. Both flaunted the atom bomb but it did no good and while the manufacture of the bomb still remains an American secret there is now a better chance that it will not be abused than there was before. Mr. Byrnes was also compelled to go to Moscow because within American imperialism there are contending points of view as to how best to take advantage of America's superior industrial and financial position. American big business needs European trade for all its hatred of the social changes that are taking place on the

(*Continued on page* 21)

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NM SPOTLIGHT

Assault on the USA

MILLIONS in this country were outraged, as we were, upon reading that Cab Calloway, the popular band leader, had been assaulted by a special policeman in Kansas City, clubbed over the head with a pistol butt, and arrested on trumped-up charges. Mr. Calloway happens to be a Negro, and, the way things are moving in the country today, any Negro, famous or unknown, is becoming fair prey to the bestial champions of racism. News of Mr. Calloway's clubbing comes on the heels of dispatches from further south, in Alabama. There, in the small cotton town of Union Springs, two Negroes were slain by a policeman who later shot a Negro veteran in the eye and hounded a Negro clergyman out of town because he witnessed the orgy of brutality.

The pretexts for the shootings and the beatings are, as usual, of the flimsiest and most transparent nature. The charges trumped up against Mr. Calloway were "drunkenness" and "creating a disturbance." The facts are that he sought, upon invitation of his friend Lionel Hampton, another well-known band leader, to enter a hall where a "lily-white" dance was taking place. Mr. Hampton had invited him up to hear his band. When Mr. Calloway appeared at the hall, in President Truman's state, with his tickets, he was refused entrance, and when he remonstrated, the policeman stepped forward with his gun butt. As to the tragic events in Alabama, they are the latest details in a tragically familiar pattern unfolding below the Mason-Dixie line, a pattern with the swastika stamped all over it. Negro veterans are being terrorized upon their return home; their families suffer an increase in the usual form of day-to-day Jim Crow indignities and outright terror. And in Union Springs itself, a town which happened to have a majority of Negro residents, many of them in business, the streets are deserted and families are leaving because of the mounting horrors of their life. The policeman who did the shootings has been dismissed from the police force, but is otherwise at liberty.

The reason for all this is painfully obvious: the retreat of the administration on such a fundamental issue as FEPC has afforded the Negro-haters a green light. When the President's wife sanctioned, in effect, the refusal by the Daughters of the American Revolution to permit a concert by a Congressman's wife—Hazel Scott—in Constitution Hall, the followers of Bilbo and Rankin took comfort.

In the South, the Southern Negro Youth Conference has demanded that the Department of Justice intervene, arrest the guilty, and aid the American citizens who are being hounded as Hitler hounded Jews. We urge our readers to support the SNYC and themselves to move into action immediately on the whole sinister issue of racism, already making serious headway in all parts of the country.

Ophelia Pound

FOUR psychiatrists from St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington last week declared Ezra Pound insane. "In our opinion," said the psychiatrists, "with advancing years [Pound's] personality —for many years abnormal—has undergone further distortion to the extent that he is now suffering from a paranoid state." Pound, the news dispatches report, has been in Gallinger Hospital for observation since November 27, "when during his arraignment for treason he stood mute, on ground of his mental condition." Now anyone will admit that it is very strange behavior indeed for Ezra Pound to be mute on any occasion, and it might incline us to be more impressed by the alienists' report if we had not read John O'Donnell's gossip column in the New York *Daily News* the day after. Pound was visited by O'Donnell in his cell the day of his arraignment and kept him engaged in a cheery little conversation about what he had been reading since the Army caught up with him in Pisa. It was an odd assortment: a *Handbook of Verse*, *One Thousand Jokes*, Confucius, the Catholic Prayer Book, and—can this be the machination of a madman?—the Jewish Holy Scriptures, which he called "superbly good," and "better literature than the average American gets in his religious diet." His memory of those crudely anti-Semitic broadcasts, at least, does not seem to have failed him. It was these books, Pound told O'Donnell, "that kept him from going completely crazy" while the Army held him in Italy. On this very day, Pound stood silent while he was accused of treason.

Pound's Ophelia act cannot be permitted to go unchallenged. Army psychiatrists, who have probably seen a thing or two that the alienists of St. Elizabeth's have been spared, examined Pound immediately before he left the Army prison camp in Italy, and found him sane. The prosecuting attorneys, with a pointed reference to Hess, were also unbelieving and declared they would demand a public insanity hearing. More likely the announcement that he would have to stand trial willy-nilly would throw the requisite dash of cold water on Mussolini's minnesinger, as it did for Hess. In any case those Americans who want no March on Rome for Washington should ask themselves: if Hitler were alive and in the dock at Nuremberg, would they accept excuses that the "madman" was insane and incapable of standing trial? Perhaps it is "insane" to order the death of 6,000,000 Jews; perhaps it is "insane" to torture, burn, kill and loot everything that civilization has held dear; perhaps it is "insane" to conscript a painstakingly warped nation to conquer the world. But it would be more insane to permit the first of these active criminals to be hauled back to the USA for an accounting to relax and spend his days in a literal asylum. What is appropriate for Amery and Haw Haw is certainly appropriate for Ezra Pound.

The 39,000

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S statement on the admission to the United States of displaced persons and refugees can be considered a forward step only in comparison with the backward steps for which the Hearst press and its Congressional choir boys have been clamoring. But the milk of human kindness in the President's statement is pitifully thin. Its most positive aspect is the decision to permit most of the 1,000 displaced persons at the war relocation camp near Oswego, N. Y., to remain here.

Mr. Truman is largely making a gift of what has already been given. He has ordered that measures be taken to facilitate the immigration of the 39,000

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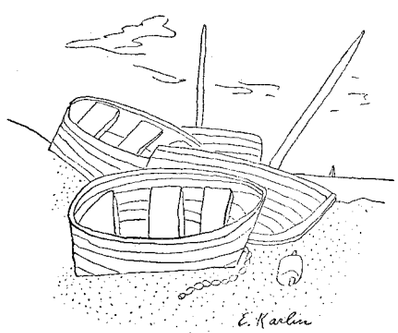
persons a year who can under the present law be admitted from central and eastern Europe and the Balkans. He is not proposing that the gates of America be opened wider. He has specifically declined to recommend that the unused immigration quotas of the wartime years be regarded as cumulative, which would make possible a more than tenfold increase in the numbers admitted. And he insists that all immigrants pay their own way or have it paid for them and provide guarantees that they will not become public charges.

There is also a rather grim joker in that figure of 39,000. Two-thirds of this number, according to Mr. Truman, are allotted to Germany, that is, for persons who are natives of Germany. Now, apart from the insignificant number of German Jews who are still alive, what other Germans can be regarded as legitimate refugees? And under this interpretation the worst victims of Nazi barbarism — Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Yugoslavs, etc.—will be entitled to a grand total of 13,000 immigrants a year.

There may be another joker in the way the President's directive is carried out. Though he expressed the hope that the majority of the visas will be given to orphaned children, what assurances are there that none will be given to reactionary businessmen and anti-Semites who are fugitives from the new anti-fascist governments that have been created in eastern Europe and the Balkans? The American people ought to insist on the exclusion of all such riffraff together with the lifting of barriers against genuine refugees and displaced persons.

How to Treat Germans

FOR months we were deluged with camouflaged Nazi refugee "eye-witness" accounts of how the Red Army plundered the Soviet zone of occupied Germany and added chaos to the war destruction. Many readers, aware of dismal conditions in American and British zones of occupation, were inclined to accept the stories as at least partially valid. Now the reports of five correspondents who visited the Soviet zone not only blast the fascist rumors but disclose a record of de-Nazification and reconstruction unparalleled in other German zones or in former Nazi satelite countries. For example, eighty-three percent of non-war industries in Saxony are operating full blast as against eighteen percent in the American zone. Mining output is eighty-four percent of pre-war level and still rising. There is no unemployment for the simple reason that those who refuse to work are given no food. One could reasonably expect that de-Nazification is proceeding well. But it is significant that aside from the arrest of war criminals, the job is being done by genuine anti-Nazi Germans. Well over eighty percent of the schools are functioning to reeducate the new generation. Food production is near pre-war levels and the average food ration is 1,600 calories at controlled prices. There is no inflation or black market, the twin curses of most European countries.



All this material and ideological reconstruction is being carried out by the Germans under their own local self-government, sternly but humanely supervised by the Red Army.

Some of the correspondents call this "planned economy"—as if the terrible economic and human wreckage could be brought back to life without planned and stern control. Others charge the Red Army with "planting" German Communists in key posts without admitting that only tried and tested anti-fascists could seriously uproot the vile disease of Hitlerism. All of them, however, admit that the Russians are carrying out the Potsdam agreement to the letter. They do not realize that the amazing results in the Soviet-occupied sector are precisely the aims and purposes of the Potsdam decisions. The dismal record in other occupied sectors of Germany is due to the failure to apply the Potsdam decision with the energy and speed required by the emergency. The question arises: why is it that the Russians carry out the joint decisions of Potsdam faithfully, while in other zones they are accepted half-heartedly? Senator Kilgore answered this question in part when he accused the upper personnel in US occupation forces of sympathizing with the German cartels and industrialists. There are no capitalists or landlords in the Soviet Union and hence none in the personnel of Soviet occupation forces to display any kindness or sympathy for the German capitalist classes, which reared and supported fascism.

The Vatican's Dilemma

WE ARE not concerned with the religious aspects of the appointment by Pope Pius XII of thirty-two new cardinals. That is the concern of Catholics and students of religion. But the political aspects are everybody's business, for the Vatican has made world politics its business.

This is how we see this latest move in the Vatican's postwar reconversion program. So long as fascism was in power in Italy and was allied with its German counterpart, the Vatican evidently felt on solid ground. It was able to wield its tremendous political influence through a College of Cardinals that consisted of little more than half of its potential membership and was nominated by its Italian majority. The shattering military defeat of the Axis and the sweep of the democratic tide through Europe, including Italy, have confronted the Vatican with a dilemma which it is handling with its customary cunning. By broadening the base of the pyramid of power it hopes to entrench itself more firmly in the victor countries. What's more: gazing across the ocean, it sees reaction burgeoning anew under the glittering rays of American imperialism. The United States has long been the chief source of the Vatican's financial income. The western colossus is now in a position to exact and the Vatican is in a mood to concede a larger voice in the central direction of the Church. Hence, of the thirty-two new prelates, four are from the United States—more than from any other single country—six from Latin America and one from Canada. The Western Hemisphere has thereby increased its membership from about eleven percent of the College of Cardinals to twenty-two percent.

NM Votes on UNO

NO ONE has asked us but if we were we would heartily endorse the establishment in Hyde Park, where President Roosevelt was born and where he now lies buried, of the United Nations headquarters. There could be no more appropriate monument to the man who died in the service of peace and friendship among those who vanquished fascism.

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READERS' FORUM

Maryland Students Fight Back

TO NEW MASSES: In NEW MASSES of December 18 Virginia Gardner spoke of me as representing the various progressive leaders at the University of Maryland in their struggle against the reactionary administration at the university. Apparently, Miss Gardner used as a source of information the daily papers of this locality which cooperated almost completely with Dr. Byrd in suppressing the facts concerning the situation that existed. The university administration insinuated to the public that the situation was brought about by the Jewish fraternity students in an effort to be recognized. The papers published all the misquotations and slanders that the university officials wished to make while consistently belittling the students.

The leadership of the students consisted of a committee of twenty-six of which only one was a member of a Jewish fraternity. This committee charged:

1. Academic regulations state: "Students may be asked to withdraw even though no specific charge be made against them."

2. Censorship of the "students'" newspapers. Dean James H. Reid answered: "Not its paper, just the editorial policy."

3. Arbitrary changing of curricula without consultation of faculty or students.

4. Institution of an "Americanization" program under suspicious circumstances. (Hearst, etc.)

5. Donation of $50,000 by Hearst for a scholarship fund to the university.

6. Arbitrary appointment of deans and departmental heads.

7. Lack of outside contacts through speakers, etc.

8. Exceptionally high turnover of the teaching staff.

9. Political domination of the university.

The 1,700-word report to the citizens of Maryland stated: "In conclusion, the University of Maryland, in its procedure of administration, has neglected the fundamental tenet of the American way of life—the democratic way of life. The question is whether or not students can be taught democracy without their being allowed to use it and see it in action."

Soon after the release of this statement by the committee of twenty-six, a petition was circulated throughout the campus supporting the report of the committee and more students signed in one evening than actively participated in student activities the entire school term. Subsequently, Dr. Byrd proceeded to slander the student leaders and the faculty support. His attitude was summed up with: "I'll handle this in my own way in my own time." He did. Every faculty member participating, openly and otherwise, is no longer at the university, and $10,000 of the students' money that was being saved for the building of a Students Union Building was "given away" by "Curly" Byrd. This was suppressed by the press of the Maryland "Free" State.

The situation can be shown in its full seriousness by an editorial in the "student's" newspaper at the time of the revolt.

"Some of these groups that cry out," it said, discussing anti-Semitism, "cannot even get along with themselves. . . . It appears that it is not what a race, nationality or group is in itself, but the mannerisms of the individuals of the group that have brought such criticisms upon them."

The situation at the University of Maryland has become desperate because of the political power of its president and the reaction of the public press. Let us hope the free press of America will come to the aid of those students that remain at College Park.

DANIEL NITZBERG.

Baltimore.

An Evening in Paris

TO NEW MASSES: The following are excerpts from a letter I thought might interest readers of NM.

"I spent an evening with Louis Aragon, his wife, Elsa Triolet, Maurois and the two Soviet writers here for the World Women's Anti-fascist Congress, Elena Konenko and Anna Karavaeva. The Soviet writers spoke of their close relationship with the men and women at the front during the war. Konenko had a riflemen's score sent her as a symbol of appreciation—fifty-five German invaders killed in her honor. She's a grandma—proudly showed me a picture of her chubby little grandson.

"They were interested in French writers. What were they doing? What had they written about the war? The occupation? Maurois, supposedly a great French writer, columnist in *Figaro*, chairman of the France-USSR Writers' Commission, but who never misses a chance to write nasty things about the Soviet Union, answered in his hoarse voice—nothing now, maybe in ten years. And with Aragon and Triolet (she won the Paris prize for her book on the occupation), sister of Mayakovsky's great love, present. Aragon demurred, said he'd mention just one—Maurice Thorez. Flustered, poor old Maurois came back with, 'But he's no writer, he's a political figure.' To which Aragon replied, 'But sometimes political figures write and writers become political figures—look at Malraux.' [Malraux is currently one of the leading figures in the MRP, France's reactionary party, and Minister of Information.] Good dig—but went over Maurois' head.

"The Soviet writers—I loved them—made quite a point of the lack of sufficient knowledge about each other among the world's writers. Called for more exchange, more translations, trips back and forth. (By the way, all Soviet people I've talked with made the same point about the necessity for cultural exchange and travelling.) Suggested we get things going for a World Writers' Congress. Something should be coming soon. Anyone doing anything about it at home?"

L. G.

New York.

We Botched Lady

TO NEW MASSES: Next time you want to review a good mystery story please, for God's sake, have someone do it who knows how. The review of *Methinks the Lady*, by Guy Endore, is the lousiest botch job I have EVER seen.

The purpose of reviewing a good book is to make people read it. And in reviewing a mystery story one *never* NEVER gives the plot away. The inept masterminding of Charles Humboldt has effectively killed the best psychological thriller to go on the market in many years.

There is a vast reading audience for this type of book and said audience is far from moronic—in spite of opinions to the contrary. This audience will continue to read mysteries. If they can't get good ones they will read bad ones. Why not encourage the good ones and give them a fair deal and a decent break when they do appear?

MARY GARRISON.

New York.

On Writer's Problems

TO NEW MASSES: Allow me to express this belated appreciation of Isidor Schneider's honest and stimulating article on writer's problems (NEW MASSES, October 23). It was for me a very gratifying affirmation of what I had long felt to be wrong with left-wing criticism but which, until the happy advent of the Arnault article, "Painting and Dialectics" [NM, Aug. 14, 1945], I did not attempt to convey to any of our publications, feeling myself to be in a hopeless minority.

I think it would be very interesting to read Schneider's comments on another "byword" in left-wing criticism: "the form will determine the content," which, as you are possibly aware, has been perverted to the most platitudinous and, as far as creative effort is concerned, stultifying ends. I happen currently to be reading Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* which, for all its manifest short-

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comings (what critical essay is, for that matter, incontrovertible?) I find to be stimulating and thought-provoking in the extreme. I can think of nothing I would like better than to read a series of articles in NM on literary criticism, using Arnold's treatise as a pivot.

I think you will agree with me that Arnault's article served as a sort of miniature Duclos letter to bring about a stock-taking on the part of left-wing critical thought, accountable for the comparative abundance of letters and articles currently appearing in NM on the subject. I think a series of articles by Schneider on a topic similar to that described above would compensate to no little degree for the many years of neglect and unwarranted contempt esthetics suffered at the hands of self-styled critics in left-wing circles.

MICHAEL CARVER.

Taos, N.M.

Reunion in Moscow

(*Continued from page* 17)

Continent. No one should forget the recent protest in the National Association of Manufacturers' *News* (Oct. 20) that Washington politics was in effect interfering with trade and loans for the USSR. And it would be my guess that one of the purposes for which Byrnes went to Moscow was to pave the way for improved commercial relations.

But no one can count on the frictions within the American ruling class or its temporary needs as the keystone in American-Soviet friendship. That would be a keystone made of wet sand. It is more the pressure and vigilance of masses of people that will prevent slips between agreements and their implementation and build the kind of friendship between us and the Russians that will not be subject to every change in the weather. For the fact is that Washington is imperialist but it is only a coalition policy fulfilling the demands of the American people that will keep the worst features of that imperialism from breaking out of bounds.

Psychiatry

(*Continued from page* 14)

lytic literature one gets the impression that psychoanalysis can override all social experience.

Neuroses constitute a social problem of immense magnitude. About ten percent of our men of draft age were rejected or discharged on neuropsychiatric grounds. Half to two-thirds of our educated middle class regard themselves as more or less neurotic. The incidence of nervous complaints among working people is also high. It cannot be said that individuals who come to psychiatrists always represent the more serious neurotic problems: some of my cases seem like random samples of the population. In spite of the fact that so many neurotics believe that their problems are personal and internal, and could be psychoanalyzed away, I do not believe that psychoanalysis or even a sounder individual psychotherapy can offer a satisfactory answer to this gigantic problem. The roots of the problem are social. Psychiatrists who realize this must apply this insight to their dealings with the problems of individuals. Psychotherapy must extend into the world of social situations and social relationships to be effective. An understanding of these basic principles allows patient and psychiatrist alike to pierce more quickly and effectively to the social core of inner conflicts.

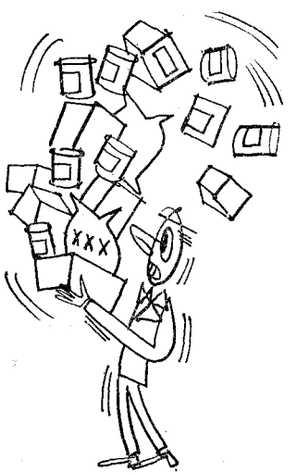
The incidence of neuroses in the Red Army has been extremely low—only 0.2 percent of the forward hospital beds were used for psychiatric cases and only 0.1 percent of the beds in the rear—the same number as for women's diseases. As the distinguished Canadian neurologist Wilder Penfield, member of a British-American-Canadian medical mission to the USSR, remarked, "The incidence of neurosis is low because they have an ample supply of its specific antidote, i.e., high morale. This antidote is not produced by psychiatrists, any more than it is by surgeons, either in the Soviet Union or elsewhere." (*Canadian Medical Journal*, Vol. 51: 379, 1944.)

A number of psychoanalysts have come to recognize the importance of experience and activity.[5] But this recognition often involves them in certain contradictions. Dr. Furst himself has got himself involved in a basic contradiction too. After insisting throughout his article that psychological problems must be dealt with *only* by psychological means, he finally says that psychotherapy "must gradually change both the activity and the patient's psychology together. There is such a close relationship here that *one cannot be changed without changing the other*, and a treatment that concentrates on activity alone is bound to fail." If he had only added that a treatment which concentrates on understanding alone is bound to fail, we would have some basis for agreement.

An emphasis on social factors does not involve a rejection of psychology. It is in fact only an understanding of the social basis of psychology that can maintain it as a vital and progressive science. The highest form of personality is that associated with the most complete social integration. It is represented by activity, highly conscious of its needs, and stretching forth its full powers for their attainment.

[5] Even Horney in her latest book has a few words on the importance of experience too, but takes the view that we cannot influence our experience. Her whole book is a reaffirmation of her basic position. Her emphasis on subjective psychological factors is so strong that she even suggests that "it might be interesting to examine whether an unconscious determination to go to pieces may not supply a powerful psychic contribution to such chronic diseases as tuberculosis and cancer." (p. 192.)

Pile It Higher!



New Masses' collection of food for the auto strikers and others is piling up in our office corridors. But it takes lots of beans and wheaties for that picket line to stick it out. Bring in your contributions, from bacon to canned soup, to NM at Suite 388, 104 East Ninth St., N. Y., between the hours of 9:30 A.M. and 6:30 P.M.

Our readers outside New York should get in touch with their city CIO Councils, or in the case of smaller cities, they should write to their state CIO Councils where to send their contributions of foodstuffs.—The Editors.

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THE RESISTANCE SINGS

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

A POETRY as remarkable as their heroism characterizes the resistance movements of Europe. Most of the poets being fighters, the deeds and poems were equal expressions of their devotion to the people. Both came out of an identification of the individual with the community that was spontaneous and complete. With it there returned to Western Europe a spirituality that, on such a scale, has been absent for generations.

Louis Aragon's poetry is infused with the elation and ardor of that identification, of which he gives a moving description in this passage from a letter to the Josephsons:

> We had received orders *not* to do any local job, *not* to come in touch with local Party members, and so on. But we couldn't, after a certain moment, keep from helping the people around us: because that last year you can't imagine what France was like. My God, it was a repayment for everything in life! And people can slander and chitchat and loathe us, but we have seen that heroic moment when everybody was ready at every moment to die for anybody, people they didn't even know, provided that they were against the common enemy. You must believe me . . . that it is by no means a manner of speech if I say that in those incredibly long and bloody months life became a song for all of us: and you know, in the best of songs there are certainly tears, but how beautiful the voice and the eyes of the people appear when singing; they can't stop themselves crying!

It is natural that the fullest expression of this resurgence to appear in English should come from France and from Louis Aragon.* Of all European literatures the French has the oldest and closest ties with the English and American; and of all contemporary French writers Aragon has had the most continuous personal ties with American and English writers during two periods of active mutual influence, the American "exile" twenties and the Left thirties.

In Aragon's case it is not a diversion from the poetry itself first to know the man. His virile verse rings all the clearer and more sonorous for knowing him.

He first appears in the literary vanguard in Paris, after the First World War, by education a physician, by the fate of his generation a war veteran; by choice a writer. The war and the caricature of a world settlement made by the victors left his generation mutinous toward a culture that had produced such abominations. Among its expressions were the defiant, self-alienating cultural movements like Dadaism in which Aragon played a leading role.

Then came the capitalist crisis. A system that had sacrificed human values for its banks and stock markets proved incapable even of keeping its banks and stock markets going and was resorting to fascism, the most hideous protection racket in history. The tension of the emergency reached the alienated writers and artists. They saw Europe menaced by imminent barbarism, and the labor movement the strongest defender of human values. The literary significance of the change from Dada to the literary Left is characterized perfectly in a passage in another letter to the Josephsons:

> First we worked over the problem of language so carefully that nothing seemed worthy of it; nothing seemed worthwhile saying. We said *nothing* magnificently and with the greatest freedom of expression. And now we have found what we had to say, more than we had ever dreamed. Can we ever say it well enough?

One of the most important productions of the Left thirties was Aragon's *Red Front*, a long poem whose excited rhythms and sweeping images showed the impact of Mayakovsky. A French court sentenced Aragon to five years' imprisonment on the pretext that the poem insulted the French flag. But, frightened by the public outcry, the government suspended the sentence.

In this period before World War II Aragon wrote two long novels that are among the outstanding achievements of social fiction; helped to organize and participated in national and international cultural conferences; and was one of the editors of *Ce Soir*, largest newspaper of the Left, with a circulation approaching half a million.

World War II came. Aragon, then in his early forties, was drafted. The hysterical government of the French bourgeoisie sought to punish him for being a Communist by putting him into a labor battalion consisting of Czech and Spanish refugees. To these men, reliable and determined anti-Nazis, were given shovels instead of guns!

Succeeding in getting himself transferred to a combat formation Aragon won two *Croix-de-guerre*, one with a divisional and one with an army citation, and the *Medaille Militaire*, one of the two highest French decorations. This collection of medals had its use. The Vichy police could not lightly arrest a man who, in addition to his fame as a writer, had won such distinction as a patriot.

Aragon wrote as long as was possible under Vichy "legality"; then in semi-legality under transparent pseudonyms and in publications printed in Switzerland and smuggled across the border. Finally, in November 1942, when the Italians entered Nice, Aragon went "under the deep and pleasant cover of illegality."

Through difficulties before which hands like Gide's fell limp, Aragon, from the outbreak of the war to its end, finished a novel and published six books of verse and a First Aid manual for the Maquis. This would be staggering had he done nothing else; but he was active, also, in the military and political organization of the Resistance. The fecund energy of this physically unimpressive man filled the land with the pervasion of a legend. As many Americans were to discover and as Peter Rhodes reports in a valuable section of this book, Aragon's name, spoken anywhere in the country, brought a light into people's faces.

To us in America, beset by unctuous radio voices uttering matter mechanized to its last rehearsed scream, with a superabundant press whose most useful war service has been to provide waste paper, the importance of the literary phase of the Resistance may not be

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* ARAGON, POET OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE, *edited by Hannah Josephson and Malcolm Cowley. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.*

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clear. Let us bear in mind that in a country under occupation merely to raise the voice is to counterattack. Like the shot across a battle-line that brings an answering volley, the raised voice calls up against it all the enemy's machinery of repression. For the enemy recognizes, in the raised voice, the rallying cry of the subject people's counter-offensive; and knows that from it will issue the government and the army of the Underground.

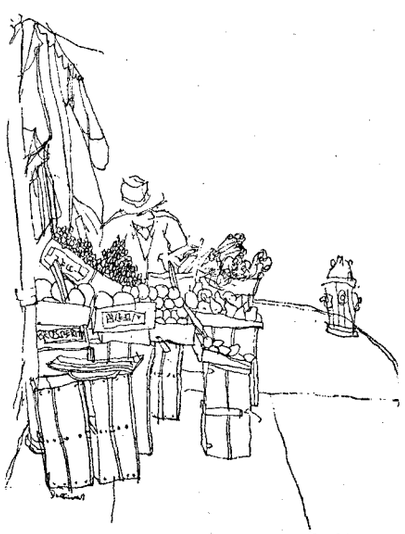
WHY does that voice so generally speak in poetry? Because poetry is terse and therefore economic of precious paper and space; because it is mnemonic and can therefore be carried in the mind when papers must not be carried; but above all because it concentrates so much in allusions accessible only to the attuned mind. Senses within ambiguous lines that frustrate the enemy mind, vibrate in the patriot mind with enormous resonances of memory and tradition. That is why the bulk and the most effective portion of Resistance literature has been poetry.

Examining the examples given here, one can understand its power. The subjects are direct and personal; the beloved and the hated, the glorious patriot and the ignominious traitor, the place names for which the dislocations of war have created deep nostalgias. Comrade and enemy are both close; the struggle, with all its tensions, is immediate, the immense patience with which defeats are endured are balanced by the immense elation of victories. No one can raise his head from such poetry without a sense of the universal; but the universal is reached from the personal and local.

From this we can understand some of the reasons for the failure of *our* war poetry. From the personal and the local to the universal—this is the natural course; but we reversed it. We went from ready-made universals; and then we went from these to persons who were indifferent and to places where the OPA was a Roosevelt "tyranny." We presumed a unity that we knew did not exist and ignored evils that did exist. And our universals never emerged from abstractions that, to begin with, were only fractionally true. That is why I do not agree with Malcolm Cowley, of whose thoughtful and valuable comment this is not to be taken as a derogation, that the circumstances of the occupation is the chief explanation of the success of the Resistance poets, compared to ours. Nor can I agree with Mr. Cowley's other explanation that attributes that success to the necessary solitude of the Resistance poets, on the grounds that "poets write best as lonely men." It is true that in the actual composition of even a political pamphlet the writer must be physically alone. But his mind must be with the group in whose name the pamphlet is issued and with the group to whom it is to be distributed. As underground work enforces physical separation, so in that very conditioning it intensifies spiritual unity. It would be unfair to Mr. Cowley to suggest that he entirely ignores this; but he weights his emphasis on the individual and away from the collective.

Moreover, Aragon's more than a decade of Communist activity has oriented him to the collective, and the sense of social responsibility appears to have become organic in his thinking. Nor should Cowley, or for that matter our own Left critics, ignore the collectivity of Aragon's former associations, the collectivity of the literary "schools," which characterized French literature. It was in these schools, too, it should be acknowledged, with their dedication to the perfection of forms and techniques, that the poets acquired the literary mastery whose reward is the fertile and seemingly effortless poetry that Aragon and the other Resistance poets, many of them his former comrades in Dada, brought to the people.

I have stressed the poetry in this volume because it is the major part of the book. But I should not like to give the impression of slighting its examples of Aragon's prose, the quality of much of which the reader may gather from the passages of the letters that I have quoted. The prose includes eloquent tributes to the poet St. Pol Roux, whom the Nazis killed when he tried to prevent the rape of his daughter, and to a group of hostage martyrs; an introduction to a volume of sonnets by Jean Cassou composed in prison by an effort of the memory and borne out from the prison in the memory; a witty satire on a search operation by Vichy gendarmes; and an editorial celebrating the liberation of the area in which Aragon was active at the time.



Deckinger.

Our gratitude is due to all those who made this book available to us, to Rolfe Humphries, Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, Kenneth Muir, William Jay Smith, John Hayward, Grace Wallace, George Dillon, Helen Burlin and Eugene J. Sheffer, among the translators; to Peter Rhodes and Waldo Frank for their informative essays "Aragon: Resistance Leader" and "Aragon Between Wars"; and particularly to the editors, not only for bringing us the book and as translators, but for their part in making Aragon known to us, Mrs. Josephson in her introduction and Mr. Cowley in his essay "Poet of This War."

Of Giant Stride

NORTH STAR COUNTRY, *by Meridel Le Sueur. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.*

THERE are two kinds of patriotism: the jingoism that is an acid in the thought-stream of a people, that shrinks, withers, and acts like a vinegar spray; the love that springs from the people and their culture, that enriches the land and the world with its gift of a people's voice and laughter and strength.

The latter quality is woven through and through Meridel Le Sueur's beautiful book. More in poetry than prose, more in a song than a story, she tells the birth, the growing up and the coming of age of her own good land, the lake and river and city country of Northwest Wisconsin and Minnesota. Her hero is Paul Bunyan; for Paul Bunyan of the giant stride and the laugh that could be heard echoing and re-echoing across seven states is a symbol of the people: and where there swirled together the Swede, the Yankee and German and Czech and Pole and Lithuanian and Jew and Frenchman and Finn, and only a beginning there, when you list the nations, what other hero would be big enough for them, or broad enough? And the quality of her book is the quality of the struggle: en wheat and the gol masterpi river, lake, prairie a cities that rose from l Astor ar

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the strength of the people in the political movements that were so native to that space and time, the populist and socialist movements, industrial unionism and mass struggle backed by the same iron fists that broke the plains and uncovered the mountains of ore.

Curiously, only the Middle West of America produces this kind of a book, this kind of writing, a folksay fabric blown like hot glass from the people's speech, clothes and manners and song. Sandburg writes like this, and like this Edgar Lee Masters once wrote, and like this Nicholas Vachel Lindsay and Joe Hill both sang. Style is the word-pattern of the people, sifted and selected by the hand of poet or prose-writer; and how obvious it is that here in our West is a style of writing new and singular in the literary world!

The theme of the book is the land, the island of culture, its beginnings, past, present and future. It is not very long since we in America began to assess our regional culture in terms of its true worth, and the publishers, Duell, Sloan & Pearce, should be congratulated for inaugurating a regional series which tell the history of the United States in terms of the people and their culture. How much more revealing that is than the political histories, where military and legislative careerists are painted as the foreground and background of a nation!

Very skillfully, Miss Le Sueur draws her picture of the North Star Country. For the most part, she lets the people speak in their own words, and where she picks up the thread of narrative, she ingeniously continues the rhythm of the folk pattern. The early explorers come alive in the accounts their men scrawled; the printing presses arrived as soon as the people, and the yellowed newspapers add their share of the story. There are men alive, in this young-old land, who remember almost the beginnings, and Miss Le Sueur puts down their memories of what was three generations ago. Here is the theme:

"So man stood on the horizon and threw no shadow. The least among them could write to the paper, speak in public, found a town, survey his own land, and by night draw up his own constitution, including provisions for rights for women and no saloons on Main Street."

For me, the finest part of the book is the latter half, where Miss Le Sueur te[ll] the beginnings of industrial ece, as is the one on John Jacob id the American Fur Company. Her chapter on Jim Hill is a Her brief description of the IWW is the most vivid and exciting I have read, and her description of Black Friday is proof that a strike can be pictured in terms as dramatic and poetic as those used for any situation on earth.

Altogether, this is a rich, full book, not to be taken down in one draught like cold water, but to be sipped, taken space by space, like old brandy. Add it to your collection of folksay and folklore; save it for the long winter nights and for reading aloud—and if you haven't tried that good American habit, launch it with this book.

HOWARD FAST.

The SU Understood Japan

SOVIET FAR EASTERN POLICY, 1931-1945, *by Harriet L. Moore. Princeton University Press. $2.50.*

FIVE days after Pearl Harbor, *Pravda* carried an editorial, "War in the Pacific," that contained these passages: ". . . The Japanese aggressor has plunged into a very hazardous adventure, which bodes him nothing but defeat. If he counted on the possibility of 'lightning victory,' he is in for a disappointment no less cruel than that suffered by bloodthirsty Hitler as a result of his bandit attack on the Soviet Union. . . . Japan's first successes decide nothing. In future Japan's resources will be exhausted by this war, while American resources will grow. This is the circumstance that will decide the issue of the war. Japan will indisputably suffer defeat."

Compare this remarkably accurate forecast with some of the editorial comment in leading American newspapers at the time of Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union: we then read that the Russo-German war would be over in six weeks, or at the most three months; that the German army was going to cut through the Red lines "like a knife through butter," and whatnot.

It is probably the greatest merit of Miss Moore's book on Soviet Far Eastern policy that it brings out such quotations as that above from Soviet newspapers and other documents from Russian sources which most American readers either have never seen or have forgotten a long time ago.

In the present new crisis of American-Soviet relations (somebody ought to number these recurrent crises for the sake of easy reference) anything that helps to dispel the so-called mystery of Soviet foreign policy is welcome. Miss Moore's book is a little dry, relying principally on newspaper references and diplomatic texts, almost to the exclusion of any narrative or human interest material, but it does fill a conspicuous gap in available source material on Soviet foreign policy by giving a step-by-step account of Russia's relations with China and Japan from 1931 to 1945.

Unfortunately the book was sent to the printer a few weeks too early: between the end of the war in Europe and that of the war in the Pacific. Thus what should have been the climactic chapter of the book, Russia's entry into the war against Japan, is covered only in a short postscript merely recording the fact.

Soviet Far Eastern Policy is issued by the International Secretariat of the Institute of Pacific Relations. The author, Harriet L. Moore, is research director of the American-Russian Institute. Attached to Miss Moore's account of fifteen years of Soviet foreign policy in the Far East is an extensive documentary section and an index.

JOACHIM JOESTEN.

Like a River Flowing . . .

A STONE, A LEAF, A DOOR: *Poems by Thomas Wolfe, Selected and Arranged in Verse by John S. Barnes. Scribner's. $2.50.*

THERE is a footnote in Wordsworth's preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* in which he admits that he uses the word "poetry" as opposed to the word "prose," and as synonymous with metrical composition, against his better judgment. In fact, he says that "much confusion has been introduced into criticism by this contradistinction of poetry and prose." Judging by the subtitle to this collection of poems by Thomas Wolfe, "Selected and Arranged in Verse," it would seem that the selector and arranger was aware of this remark of Wordsworth's and that he agreed with it.

Under the circumstances it is difficult to understand why he persisted in arranging Wolfe's poetry into verse. A comparison of the verses with the original "prose" poems will convince anyone that nothing has been gained. In all instances where the arrangement into verse follows the exact and unmistakable punctuation of Wolfe (who was completely aware of himself as a poet) the arrangement of the poems into lines of verse does no serious harm to the poetry, though it cannot be claimed that anything is added. Where the punctuation is not faithfully followed the poetry suffers.

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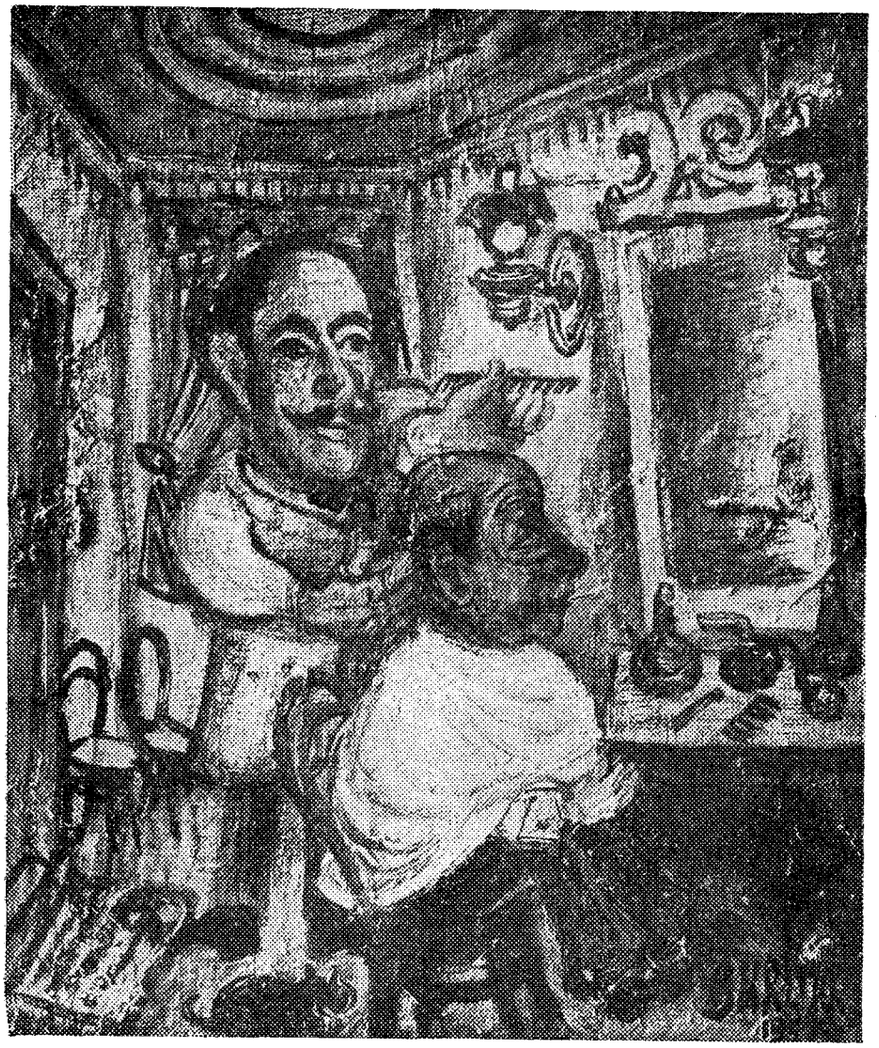

"The Barber Shop," oil by David Burliuk.

There is such a wealth of beautiful and great poetry in the work of Wolfe that the present selection can only be considered a fair sample. A single example, chosen only because it is brief enough to quote in full, will indicate the quality of Wolfe's poetry.

STRANGER THAN A DREAM

And time still passing . . . passing like a leaf . . .
Time passing, fading like a flower . . .
Time passing like a river flowing . . .
Time passing . . . and remembered suddenly,
Like the forgotten hoof and wheel. . . .

Time passing as men pass
Who never will come back again . . .
And leaving us, Great God,
With only this . . .
Knowing that this earth, this time, this life,
Are stranger than a dream.

It is practically certain that as time goes on editors and publishers will bring out more and more of Wolfe's work in one form or another. I hope that the editor of the next volume of Wolfe's poetry will not find it necessary to translate it into verse.

The editor of this collection has provided a partial index to the works from which the poems were selected. Aside from the fact that it is incomplete it contains a few errors. The verses on pages 121 and 127 attributed to *The Web and the Rock* are to be found in *You Can't Go Home Again*. And the one on page eighty-three attributed to *The Hills Beyond* is from *Of Time and the River*. DAVID SILVER.

How Germany Happened

THE LESSONS OF GERMANY: A Guide to Her History, *by Gerhard Eisler, Albert Norden, Albert Schreiner. International. $2.50.*

TO THOSE who know Gerhard Eisler, Albert Norden and Albert Schreiner even casually it was only to be expected that they would write a *different* book on Germany. It is not an *apologia pro sua vita;* not poignant exile reminiscences, not another program of what *we* should do *to* the Germans or *for* the Germans—none of that.

It is a survey of *why* the modern Germans became a Cain among the nations, making effective use of the testimony of German history. It is a job that has never been done before, with the possible exception of Frederick Schuman's early work on *The Nazi Dictatorship* or R. Palme Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution*. And while written with a stern objectivity, it would be a callous reader who did not feel in these pages all the tears and blood, the bitter battle and disappointment, the tough, everlasting fiber of hope in the German anti-fascists. It adds to the poignancy of this cool and modest book that the authors are offering the American audience what their generation could not get accepted in Germany itself. It is as though they were repaying our hospitality by giving Americans a guide to what our own history must never imitate.

"How did it happen? . . ." A major explanation comes in the opening chapter, describing the original catastrophe of modern Germany: the failure of the great Peasant's War in the sixteenth century. Leaning here on Engels, the authors show that the early failure to break the hold of feudalism, to produce a unified nation, lies in the subconscious of German history, and "was bound to have an adverse effect on the intellectual and cultural makeup of the German people."

The authors then move quickly through the Napoleonic period, touching the effects of French Revolution on the German middle classes to pause on another fatal moment—the 1849 compromise. Here again, instead of taking power and pushing the Reich through radical internal change and unification on a democratic basis, the German states and rising bourgeoisie settled with the Prussian nobility. They settled for a Bismarck and never had a Lincoln. "The German bourgeoisie renounced the struggle for bourgeois democracy. In England and France, the rising middle classes chopped off the heads of their kings; in Germany they bowed their heads in servility to the German princes."

Especially valuable is the description of the early days of the German labor movement and the Socialist struggle and revival after Bismarck. This period,

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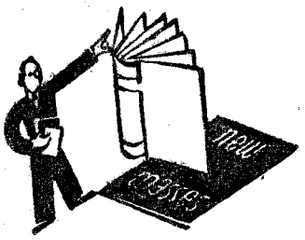

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given in indigestible snatches in the academic texts and universities, is presented here with skill and power. Equally valuable is the passage dealing with what happened in Germany immediately following the First World War. Here, too, is a period which already recedes in most memories or is strange to the younger generation. With the revival of the European Social Democrats today, and especially the maneuvers of its anti-Soviet formations, it is worth re-studying how the European Socialist Revolution was destroyed in 1919. For its destruction enabled world imperialism—and German imperialism particularly—to recover. The victorious counter-revolution (masquerading as Weimar) "gave birth to a republic that moved step by step toward extreme reaction. The old *military* forces of the monarchy were restored; the old *economic* relationships were left unaltered; inevitably therefore, *political* reaction found fertile soil in which to sprout again. . . ." How often we used to hear the Russian Menshevik sneer that Lenin found the Russian Revolution in the gutter and picked it up; yes—but the German Social Democrats returned a great people's revolution in 1919 to the gutter.

The rest of this work covers a more contemporary period—the surrender to Hitler, the consolidation of the Nazi dictatorship, the degeneration of the German nation in the prelude to, and in the course of, the war. One particularly fruitful passage deals with the mistakes of the German Communists in the Weimar period, their inability to overcome the split in the German labor movement partly because they clung to the slogan of a Soviet Germany. They were unable, with all the cards stacked against them, to lead that mobilization of the entire people against fascism which characterized the work of the other European Communists (profiting from the German experience) and which is leading today to a renovation of Europe.

If there is history and rigorous analysis in the book, there are also moments when passion breaks through, and that is in the treatment of Nazi barbarism. This is a virtual outcry of German anti-fascists to their own people, a "*J'accuse*" at the passivity which allowed its best sons to be betrayed. It is a grim warning to all peoples of the price paid for cowardice in the face of fascism. It is a stern injunction that "what the Germans did not learn after 1918 they will now be compelled to learn—or they will cease to exist as a nation."

"They have tried everything—the Kaiser's Reich, the Weimar republic, and Hitler Germany—everything except the necessary road of human progress"—the elimination of the imperialist classes. Though not exonerating the German workers, the authors consider them the major class capable of learning and extricating the nation from the debacle. The Junkers, the incorrigible monopolists, the corrupted middle classes—these must go.

Will they, this time? That is partly for us, as Americans, to decide. For while Eisler, Norden and Schreiner do not deal with the problems of the present occupation, they make amply clear that the United States and Britain offer the only obstacles from the external viewpoint before the developing German democracy.

One final word. None of these three men came to our country of their own free will. Hitler forced them here. And now that Hitler is gone, it is ironical that they continue to stay against their own will, and the State Department does not even find enough simple charity to reply to their request for repatriation. Such a book—of enduring value to us—is double proof of their value to their own people. Surely American security lies not only in absorbing the lessons of this book but in making certain that men like these are given the chance to help in the regeneration of their own tragic land.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

GI's, Cleaned and Sorted

A SHORT WAIT BETWEEN TRAINS, *by Robert McLaughlin. Knopf. $2.*

THE writer-participants of the last war—Hemingway, March and Barbusse—did very well by the subject of men in combat, and it is only natural, therefore, that the writer-soldiers of this Second World War should look to their garrison life first for the material of their books. A great mine of material is waiting to be picked there—the new comradeship, the new physical world, all the new fears and loves—and some good, and even great, books will be written about the wooden fox-holes and the Southern camps.

But Robert McLaughlin's short stories about the training of GI's (with one combat piece thrown in for flavor) fall well beneath both categories. They were written for the *New Yorker* magazine, and they seem to have been written by order. The emotion is always cut at the proper moment—lest it

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spill over into some embarrassing but quite natural show of feeling. The characters are always stock—cold, mean people (sergeants) against sensitive, intellectual souls—and the length always has to be just right. No matter what the situation is on page eight, you know it will be decided quickly and suddenly before the approaching end on page eleven.

This would all be relatively unimportant if it were not for the fact that McLaughlin shows real talent and feeling—and both of these succumb again and again to these damning restrictions. Only in the book's most successful piece, "Unopposed Landing," do the characters live, feel, and even cry. Under the stress of coming combat, they seem to have forgotten that they are characters in a *New Yorker* story and act like the real, fine and troubled human beings they are. The title story, "A Short Wait Between Trains," tells feelingly of four Negro GI's who must go to the back room of the station lunchroom to eat, while Nazi PW's lord it and take their ease in the dining room; but here, more than ever, the editorial inhibitions of the *New Yorker* enjoin a good story. The characters are sharply and well drawn, but left without breath; and the corporal, Randolph, who represents the tragic situation of the Negro GI even more than the rebel, Butterfield, is left cracking his knuckles sadly and praying. *New Yorker* space requirements always seem to catch the negative attitude.

PEREDA.

One and Indivisible

ONE NATION, *by Wallace Stegner and the editors of "Look." A Life in America Prize Book. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.*

WALLACE STEGNER, with the aid of a galaxy of photographers, makes a convincing plea for racial understanding. His text and the pictures of Chinese by James Wong Howe, of Filipinos and Mexicans by Sprague Talbot, of Negroes and the Kaplans of Dorchester by Bob Leavitt, the pictures by Frank Bauman, Dorothe Lange, Russell Lee and other excellent photographers of FSA, are an eloquent and often beautiful testimony to the dignity of the human being even under the awful pressures of race discrimination, exploitation and fascist-induced hatreds.

One Nation sets forth nine minority groups of Americans, comprising about 40,000,000 persons. Six of these groups: the Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, Mexicans, Indians and Negroes, have dark skins. The other three: the Hispanos of New Mexico, the Catholics and the Jews, suffer abuse as scapegoats because of unfamiliar ways of life or distinctive religious practices.

Here are the conquered, the immigrant, the disinherited of America. Here is their relation to the growing nation; their exploitation, both physical and psychological; the fear on the one hand by the dominant groups, Caucasian, European and Protestant, of being "swamped, overrun, changed or converted or diluted, done out of our jobs or our social position," and the fearsome defenses of minority groups isolated by unequal opportunities, exploitation, bad housing, and organized propaganda against them.

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who interceded for the Indians with Lincoln, early formulated the only principle of dealing with minority nations. These principles have lately been stated by Joseph Stalin in *The National Question,* and implemented for the first time in history by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. This principle is that no sovereign nation can sign treaties or deal with a minority nation without first giving it equal sovereignty economically and culturally.

Wallace Stegner's sympathetic text covers the wide field of American democratic forces that are most active in fighting race prejudice; the FEPC, the Springfield and University of California experiments, and the Parkway Gardens, and it pays respects to the UAW-CIO program for vigorous education and the eradication of inequality of pay, and of slum areas. His final reference, however, to the spiral of social change quoted from Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma,* seems to obscure the economic and physical causes of race tension now exaggerated, not lessened, by the concentration of fascism in our country.

But he vividly points out the global implications of fascism and white supremacy: "The problem of the American Negro is one with the problem of India; the Chinese in Chinatown have counterparts in China; the mistreatment of Mexicans in the fields of the Southwest has international implications that involve all of Latin America. And the world that we hope for, where peace and international accord are possible through cooperation and arbitration, seems like a yeasty dream indeed if within the United States . . . we cannot achieve a harmony of our races and creeds into a single nation."

MERIDEL LE SUEUR.

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White Tie in Shanghai

FLIGHT FROM CHINA, *by Edna Lee Booker in collaboration with John S. Potter. Macmillan. $2.50.*

THIS book is mainly about life in that parasitic excrescence which flourished on the edge of the Chinese mainland—Shanghai. Called "the whore of Asia," and the "city of adventurers," Shanghai is actually a city of the world's greatest extremes of wealth and poverty.

Shanghai was the home of Edna Lee Booker for nearly twenty years. She loved it. She loved the ease and comfort which become the "right" of the whites implanted on a semi-colonial country. She was so completely happy in her own luxurious surroundings that she apparently did not notice the dead bodies which can be found any day on the streets through the cold winter months, end products of a callous exploitation of which her gay life was the fruit.

The life of Edna Lee Booker, wife of a prosperous American realtor, "centered in the homes, clubs, the Astor House, and the Old Carlton. Foreigners in comfortable circumstances lived in high-ceilinged homes, amid spreading gardens with old-fashioned English flower borders, perhaps a tennis court and stables, always a sheltered back garden for tea." Everywhere "Chinese servants, soft-voiced, soft-footed, in long white coats, sometimes topped with short sleeveless jackets of brocaded satin in rich henna, gold or blue, ran the establishments." Miss Booker's descriptions have a rather breathless, buoyant, readable dash.

And when in summertime Shanghai became uncomfortable this incredible foreign community migrated to "exclusive" beaches. The Potter family went to Weihaiwei where "life was primitive—yes. But we lived in gracious comfort and ease. There was a large staff to look after us. Besides the servants we had brought from Shanghai, we engaged locally a caretaker, a gardener, two sampan coolies who served also as carriers of water, a carriage driver, and, most lowly of all, a coolie who came morning, noon and night to empty and clean the *mo-doong* (boxed-in commode) in each bathroom." Through the constant use of pidgin English Miss Booker's Chinese are made to appear quaint, amusing and devoted to their masters, in a relationship similar to that of Southern "gentlemen" with their quaint Sambos. In more serious passages, this lady from democratic America pays tribute to British imperialism, which

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controlled Weihaiwei as a leased territory.

Miss Booker's narrative ends with Pearl Harbor and is taken up by her husband, who describes in a matter-of-fact way what happened to him from the morning of December 8, 1941 until his repatriation on the *Gripsholm*. The most remarkable thing about it is that even the fascist brutalities of the Japanese did not budge the old China hands. They accepted their new position with aristocratic stoicism and showed remarkable doggedness in preserving what they could of their privileged life.

After the arrival of the Japanese, Shanghai business came to a standstill and the foreign community stayed quietly at home until they were pushed into the internment camps. There they tried to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances allowed. "It did not take long after entering camp for various groups to make up private messes. The four of us in our mess, after receiving our camp chow from the pots and baskets in the dining hall, would go upstairs to the space alongside Storms' bed where we had a card table. . . . Three camp chairs and the edge of the bed seated us. We set our table, which boasted a cloth and serviettes that one of us had thought to put into his trunk." What a pity someone had not had the foresight to bring a black tie and dinner jacket!

The caste system was kept up. The *taipans* (heads of commercial firms) remained *taipans,* and kept clear of what Mr. Potter and his friends called the "dead-end boys." There is a suggestion that the latter did not take their position lying down. When repatriation came and they were bound for home the smouldering resentment burst out. Mr. Potter's diary says at one point, "This afternoon one group of loafers in hold began talking against upper classes. Wonder how so many got repatriation and many deserving men left behind. Repatriation was in classes: officials, women, children, sick, aged, then men who had sent families home in 1940 when Washington advised. Exceptions may account for some roughs included on this." Mr. Potter does not state in which class he was included.

There is not one word of resistance. No one apparently made any effort to leave Shanghai and escape to the China mainland after the Japanese came in. There was nothing more than a negative effort to preserve what could be preserved of an easy living.

Shanghai is now back in Chinese

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hands. But the old Shanghai—"the foreigners' paradise"—will not return if the Chinese people can help it. Who can be sorry? EDITH CROMWELL.

Brief Reviews

LETTERS FROM THE DESERT, *by Moshe Mosenson. Sharon Press. $2.*

ONE of the great sagas is that of the Jewish Brigade, made up of Palestinian Jews, which fought in the British Army. Part of the story was told in the pamphlet *Soldiers of Judea*, reviewed in NM, July 10. Now comes a more intimate story in the form of letters from one of the soldiers. Mr. Mosenson, a member of a "*Kvutza*" (cooperative farm community), left wife and child to enlist in 1940. He was one of many thousands confined to service battalions, in which the Jewish soldiers served valiantly, asking for, and finally winning, begrudged permission to serve as line soldiers.

Mosenson's letters furnish a sensitive picture of the hardships endured in the desert, not the least of which was the discrimination they were subjected to, discrimination even while giving their lives. One can compare their treatment only with that of the Negro soldiers in our Army.

THE PAN AMERICAN YEARBOOK: 1945. *Pan American Associates. $5.*

THIS is a useful reference book if if you don't mind getting your facts about Latin America in static form. Designed primarily for international traders, the work naturally steers clear of material that would frighten them or tell them a little of the reasons for the incredibly low standard of living that dominates the continent. Thus what you get is a good deal on geography, capital cities, exchange value of currencies, exports and imports. There is a trickle of information on labor, but its value is negligible. The drifts and currents of Latin American politics are ignored almost completely. Argentina's Peron is mentioned, for example, but how he got to be the big fascist boss and why is totally missing. The whole approach is not to offend anyone with critical analyses or for that matter not to tell a complete story for fear that it may.

Worth Noting

THE Writers' Committee of Stage for Action, Inc., in response to requests for topical scripts from trade unions and other organizations, invites

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interested writers to submit scripts on the following subjects: veterans' problems, the OPA program, international unity, women's contributions to the trade union movement, and native fascism.

Edward Chodorov, chairman of Stage for Action, Inc., gives the further information that the plays are to run from twenty to thirty-five minutes and that experimental forms of any kind may be used with a minimum number of props, and characters not to exceed seven. Send scripts to Mildred Linsley, executive director, Stage for Action, Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

THE second in the Art Lecture series being conducted by the ACA Gallery and the Artists' League of America will have as its subject "The Negro as Artist." The lecturers will be Gwendolyn Bennett, director of George Washington Carver School, Arnaud d'Usseau, co-author of *Deep Are the Roots*, and William Lawrence, composer and teacher. The lecture will be held January 18 at 8:40 P.M. at the ACA Gallery, 61 East 57th Street.

ELMER RICE'S "DREAM GIRL"

ENTERTAINING is the word for *Dream Girl*, Elmer Rice's new play. It is a production and a script which never pauses lest it bore, a whimsical sort of thing neither beautiful nor ugly, neither uproariously funny nor flat. It is strictly for the trade, as the saying goes, and the trade has a right to love it.

For it is all about a young, middle-class girl, played by Betty Field, who is wasting her life away in the comfort of her lawyer-father's home, and spending her days running a profitless bookshop for the fun of it. And being a girl she is in love, but with her brother-in-law, and so she dreams daydreams. Then there is a young book reviewer whom she positively loathes, but marries in the end, and another gentleman who wants to take her to Mexico to be serenaded, but without benefit of clergy.

In short, a life meant to express what unfortunately are the common frustrations of real American women. Confronted at every turn with what must pass for decisions in her watery life, the young lady pauses for reveries, and on the stage enacts scenes that purport to dramatize her innermost desires. So the play flits gayly from dream to dream.

There is no good reason to censure the play, I suppose, except on grounds of obviousness. For beneath the expertness of the staging, the lighting and spectacularly engineered sliding platform sets by Jo Mielziner, there lies a *Cosmopolitan* story that is so much so it very nearly mocks itself. Using a technique that often verges on the stylization of *The Adding Machine*, Rice has foregone the opportunity to observe deeply the inner being of his young lady, and instead reveals merely the commonplace in her, the standardized wishes of a standardized girl. Perhaps he has gone as deeply as a shallow heroine will permit, but as his play develops one finds oneself wishing for that flash of insight that goes beyond the recitation of her frustrations, to the area of basic motivations which her silly little dreams do not describe but merely overlay.

The production is the most physically exciting I have seen this season. Mr. Mielziner has been the first to manage the use of rolling platforms and spot scenes while filling the stage in height. Usually this method leaves everything above the actors' heads empty and dark and repelling.

Unfortunately Betty Field was ill for this performance and her role was taken by Helen Marcy, her understudy. Miss Marcy is a very good actress and did a surprising job on a difficult and lengthy part, but she blew enough lines to throw her colleagues into a generally unsteady frame of mind that made it impossible to judge their merits. Those who withstood the substitution with least apparent damage were Wendell Corey as the wise-guy newspaperman, Evelyn Varden as the mother of the young girl and William A. Lee as her father.

In many ways this account of an introverted heroine surrounded by well-adjusted extroverts might stand as a typical American play, despite its unusual mechanics. With the exception of obviously needed cuts in nearly every scene, it has a fast place and engaging color. It never stops to examine, its lines are funny and brash, it sparkles with jokes, and its sexual references are mainly illicit. These things it does very well. It is for what it does not do that praise must be reserved.

MATT WAYNE.

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